

# YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

## THE THREE IMMORTALS OF THE AIR

This remarkable photograph shows, from left to right, Charles A. Lindbergh, Richard E. Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin at Roosevelt Field before their hops across the North Atlantic

### Contents This Week

Ship of Dreams—I . . . . .	By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE	535	Miscellany: Historic Calendar, A Little Study in Discouragement, Significance of Pain in the Abdomen, As Others See Us, What Is Your Score?, The Best Motion Pictures . . . . .	542
Jimmy Lets Out a Squawk . . . . .	By JONATHAN BROOKS	536	The Y. C. Lab: The World-wide Society for Ingenious Boys . . . . .	544
The Snipe Hunt . . . . .	By HARFORD POWEL, JR.	538	The G. Y. C.: For All Girls Everywhere . . . . .	546
The Picture Puzzle—VII . . . . .	By GLADYS BLAKE	539	Children's Page: The Shadow of a Butterfly . . . . .	547
Fact and Comment: What About Flying?, "Realism" . . . . .		542	By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE	
This Busy World: Gunmen Kill a Statesman, English Telephones, The Embattled Farmers, Japan and China, Byrd the Explorer . . . . .		542	Nuts to Crack: The Best Puzzles of the Week . . . . .	547

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## The Gateway to Professional Success

By RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

Late President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

**TECHNICAL EDUCATION** is usually thought and spoken of as a distinctly modern development. From one point of view it does have a peculiarly modern look, but from another it appears almost hoary with antiquity. The root idea is to train men for a profession that requires for its successful practice some special knowledge or special skill. It is an idea that has been present in education for many, many centuries.

If we look back a thousand years, we find Europe in almost total darkness as far as education is concerned, but not long after that influences began to work which produced the rise of the universities. In these from the very first the idea of professional, or vocational, education was dominant, and practically all teaching was directed to the training of men for the clerical, the legal or the medical profession. It was at a much later stage that the idea of cultural education, as a distinct type, became prominent.

In due time, largely under the influence of the literatures of Greece and Rome, the vision of the fully developed man, or rather the harmoniously developed man, came to exercise a profound influence on the theory and the practice of education. Where this influence was strongest the end sought in education was to develop all that was best in man—body, soul and spirit—as harmoniously and completely as possible, without regard to the needs of special knowledge in any particular profession or calling. The idea of the American college today is an offshoot of this old idea.

### Vocational or Cultural?

These two conceptions—that of vocational education, where the guiding idea is fitness for a profession, and cultural education, which seeks to develop the best within a man irrespective of what he is to do in the world—are fortunately not mutually exclusive.

It is by no means an uncommon practice in this country to seek the basis of culture through a college course and to follow this by some years in a professional

school. If our colleges were freer from criticism than they are at present, this would be an admirable arrangement, provided, of course, men's circumstances were such that they could afford the many years of "school" involved in such a scheme. Unfortunately, there is the added difficulty that many—although certainly not all—of our colleges are little better than schools of idleness. Few men have a natural inclination to hard work, and very few young men realize that the habit of steady work is the secret of success in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Especially blind to the importance of hard work are the young men who are asked to devote themselves to studies that it may be vastly to their advantage to master, but the importance of which is not obvious to the young men themselves. On the other hand, men who seem naturally idle are often found slaving on subjects that they realize must be thoroughly understood if they are to be successful doctors, lawyers, or engineers.

### Bread and Butter Studies

It is mainly for these reasons that so much interest attaches to the form of technical education which seems to combine the cultural and the vocational motive. It lays out its courses so as to lead men directly into the professions they wish to follow; but it makes a strenuous effort to teach in so broad and enlightened a way that men's eyes will be opened to the vision of culture. The cultural motive preserves men from narrowness. The vocational motive serves as a most effective spur to hard work.

A great deal of nonsense is taught about the relative dignity of these two motives. Vocational training is often contemptuously referred to as "bread and butter studies." Well, bread and butter are not to be despised, and are not despised—in practice—even by the most cultured people.

The motives that impel a man to strive for professional success may be just as lofty, and as a matter of fact commonly are so, as those which spur him to work for self culture.



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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

AUGUST 11, 1927

NUMBER 32

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I

CAPTAIN FERGUS FERGUSON, sometime blue-water sailor, master of sail and steam, and late of His Britannic Majesty's merchant service, was engaged in fitting a minute lifeboat to the more minute davits of his latest ship model. The captain was tall and lean, so tall that when he stood upright from his task his head almost touched the ceiling of the room that served him for both workshop and kitchen. Lean as a carved figure-head he was, with the far-sighted, deep-set eyes of the seafarer and a keen, spare, lined face, hair that looked as if a nor'easter might just have passed through it, and a straight, stern mouth that could either give commands to be obeyed or smile the kindest and gentlest of mortal smiles.

The lifeboat did not go just right; Captain Ferguson further disarranged his iron-gray locks and stooped to it.

"The meeserable wee davy-taykle," he murmured mildly.

At this moment a hurried rapping resounded from the street door. Captain Ferguson hearkened to it in puzzlement, then hastily turned down the flame beneath the glue-pot, ducked out between the scant red curtains of his other room, and opened the outer door. Standing beneath the areaway arch of the old brick house whose basement the captain inhabited, was a slight youth with frank eyes that met the captain's apologetically. Windy gray eyes they were, in a tanned, handsome face. "Sea-loving eyes," thought Captain Ferguson, to whom the stranger needed no other passport. The boy pulled a Panama hat from his crisp, bronze-colored hair.

"I expect you'll think I'm rather crazy," he said hastily, with an earnest, engaging smile, "but when I saw blue ships painted on your window shades, and the riding-light here by the door, I had to knock—I had to."

"Come aboard," said the captain genially. "My name is Fergus Ferguson,"—he dwelt on the R's as only a Scot can,—"at your service."

The lad would have returned his own name at once had he not been so busied gazing about the little room into which he had been ushered. There was not very much to see; the little there was not particularly sea-going—strange that the place gave so much the impression of a ship's cabin. A couch, rather obviously a bed by night, took up one corner. There was a sort of dresser with a few blue plates bravely set out. In the only chair a gray and white cat purred drowsily. On top of the dresser was perched a decorative crimson caravel with golden sails and wrought poop; on another shelf was the unfinished model of a brig. The half-open curtains gave an alluring glimpse of the workshop, with curly shavings and steaming glue-pot; but after the first appreciative glance around, the boy's eyes were caught and held by something preciously displayed in a glass case above the small bookshelves: an exquisite model of an exquisite ship—every tiny detail crowded into a length of less than two feet, delicate spar and threadlike rigging fashioned with love as well as skill.

"My first ship," said Captain Ferguson, though the boy had not spoken. "She was a clipper—one of the last built. A beautiful creature. I learned a man's trade on her."

"A beautiful creature," the boy repeated. "She's wonderful—the kind you dream about."

"It's not all plum-duff and pleasuring," said the captain, "but she was a bonny ship, Bonny."

He reached up and lifted the model to the table, set it between him and the boy, and took off the case. They bent above the little clipper like old shipmates.

"Such a time as I had with some of these wee fittings. She carried her spare yards here, the Arran did. Do you see even the galley stove I contrived to give her—and the galley door a bit open?"

"Imagine making that!" the boy murmured. Then, "Imagine having sailed aboard her?" He roused himself. "I don't know what in the world you think of me," he said suddenly, "falling in here like this, for no reason but ships on the window shades."

## Ship of Dreams

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

*A stirring serial of adventure by the author of "The Fortune of the Indies"*

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



"Imagine making that!" the boy murmured. "Imagine having sailed aboard her!"

"I think you're a nice lad," said Captain Ferguson. "No, now, you're not going! Mind, you've not even told me your name. Sit, and we'll talk a bit."

The boy sat down on the couch and clasped a knee with his hands. Captain Ferguson perched himself on a home-carpeted bench opposite. The gray kitten was left in drowsy possession of the chair and cushion.

"My name's Garth Pemberley," said the boy. "My father's in the Navy—we've all been sea-going, always."

"And you're headed there?"

He shook his head with a not quite successful cheeriness.

"No, worse luck. You see, I have a sort of a groggy leg—got it from infantile paralysis when I was small—so I'm not much of an A.B."

The captain had noted his guest's uneven gait; he said:

"Nelson fought Trafalgar with one arm and one eye."

"Ah," said Garth, "but he had 'em all when he shipped as a middy!"

"There's something in that," Captain Ferguson admitted, and they both laughed.

"Your father's in the Navy, you say?"

"Lieutenant commander," said Garth, ever ready to talk of his beloved parent. "His ship's at Hampton Roads. I'm sup-

posed to go down there as soon as school's over; my mother's there now. Then Father gets his orders,—or, rather, the ship does,—and we don't know where, yet, so of course it's exciting. We've been in Newport, on and off, for a good long while; that's a nice place. But—" He lapsed suddenly into silence, with eyes on something beyond the wall of the captain's little haven. New York roared outside like a great surf.

"But what?" the captain urged.

"I was just thinking of before my father was in the Navy," Garth went on. "That really was best of all. He hadn't been awfully strong, and he wanted to rest and write books, so we kept a lighthouse. Silver Shoal light; perhaps you know it."

The captain nodded. "It's the first place I really remember," Garth said, "and I don't suppose I can ever feel just the same about any other place. You've seen it? Do you remember it? Out on a rock by itself, with a square white tower and a white house with green shutters; Mother used to have flower-boxes too. My room looked straight out to sea, and there was always the sound of water at the rocks, no matter what you did."

"It's a grand sound," said Captain Ferguson.

"Grand," Garth assented. His eyes had gone back to the Arran, and he presently got up, to bend again above her tiny perfec-

tion. "Imagine, her little scuttle-butts, even, and her bell! Don't tell me her pumps really work!"

"They do—what you can see of them. I'm not saying what goes on below. But every rope of her comes down and is made fast where it belongs. If a crew of wee sailors should come aboard of her on a dark night—half drunk, even, like as not—they could take her out with no blunders."

A crew of wee sailors! Garth suddenly imagined himself half an inch high, hauling on one of those cobweb ropes. The infinitesimal bell struck, the sails filled with a magic breeze, and the little Arran leaned to it with living ecstasy. Garth sat back on his heels, dazed, seeing uncomprehendingly between the taut tiny ropes and white canvas the large unrelated shapes of mammoth windows and a Gargantuan chair. The kind, keen face of the captain stooped like a cloud above the fore-truck.

"You were away with her," he said. "I know. Sometimes I do that. She's taken more voyages than the Arran herself, I believe—that wee thing."

The city's noise burst in discordantly; the passing of a heavy truck rattled the low basement windows.

"One needs bits of imaginary voyages, here," said Captain Ferguson.

Garth took his gaze reluctantly from the Arran and fumbled for his hat.

"I'm going, before she puts me under a spell," he said.

"But you'll not forget my little place?" the captain asked.

"Not unless the whole thing's a dream," said Garth, "which it may very likely be. Don't you know how you hunt and hunt for places you've seen plainly in dreams? I do."

"You'll not have to do much hunting to find me," said Captain Ferguson. "But if you're in any doubt, let me set it in mortal black and white that you're to have a bit of ship's fare with me on Wednesday next."

Forthwith he fetched a card which bore upon it, "Fergus Andrew Ferguson," in black letters, to which he appended the address and the words, "Chow, Wednesday, 2 Bells."

WHEN Garth, after walking three common-place blocks, found the card still in his hand, he decided that his pleasant little adventure must after all be no dream, and pocketed the invitation, reassured. Walking being still a tiring necessity and not a pleasure, to Garth, he hailed a bus in Washington Square, clambered to its precarious upper deck, and proceeded northward towards his uncle's studio.

The bus lurched as giddily as any quarter-deck, but Garth gave it little of his attention. The Arran! Captain Ferguson had sailed with her, very likely shipped aboard as apprentice when he was no older than Garth. Sixteen—that was old enough, and plenty, to go to sea. But Garth had long ago given up the idea of ever commanding any ship but the Ship of Dreams that had lived in his imagination since he was a very small person, thinking long drifting thoughts among the winds and waters of Silver Shoal. He was learning to be a designer of ships, now; working hard to enter Tech. But, after all, it was very different, building ships for other people to sail. Garth was too much the dreamer not to long for the sound and smell of water beyond the drawing-board and dividers. He was dreaming now and went a block beyond his stop.

He retraced his way and entered the studio apartment that his uncle was on the verge of giving up for a house in the country. Robert Sinclair was a portrait painter of ever-growing distinction, and the claims of his sitters and his students made it necessary for him to have at least a working studio in town. But the claims of his wife and his very young son and daughter made it even more imperative for him to join the commuting horde.

"Now aren't you sorry you didn't stay a bachelor?" Joan, his wife, teased him. But Sinclair said that as long as she didn't make him play golf on Sundays, like a "tired business man," he didn't mind in the least.

As Garth now pushed open the apartment door, four-year-old Elspeth—named after Garth's mother—galloped to meet her



cousin. Bobs, being only two, was more interested in taking to pieces an arrangement of blocks and stayed where he was. Joan Sinclair always felt for her nephew a deep and almost grateful affection. She rose to meet him now, smiled at the way he let small Elspeth swarm up him, and greeted his eagerness with attention.

"Such a queer thing just happened to me, Joan." She had been "Joan" before she became "Aunt," and the old habit clung. "Wait till I see if I really have the card. Lay off me a minute, sweet coz, while I look."

He detached Elspeth and fished in his pockets. One of them yielded the card, and he extended it to his aunt.

"What a delicious name!" she commented, having read. "Is it a cryptic invitation to lunch, or what?"

"Just that," Garth assented. "Oh, he's rare. And, Joan—he has the loveliest model of a lovely ship. His own, the Arran."

Robert Sinclair looked up from a book. "I believe you'd find a ship in the middle of the Sahara desert," he said. "What a nose you have for them." Sinclair was rather given to laughing—though sympathetically—at his nephew's sea-hunger.

"There were blue ones painted on the window blinds," said Garth, in explanation. "That's why I went in."

"You mean you simply stalked into a stranger's dwelling because there were ships on the shutters?" demanded Sinclair. "What next! It would have served you right if lubbers had lived there, and the ships had been the work of their interior decorator."

"I knocked, of course," said Garth. "They couldn't have been lubbers—with the riding-light on the door post. And such a little hidden-away place as it is."

"You never waste any time about making your friends," Joan said. "It's a way you have. The first time I ever saw you, you walked into my room unannounced and inquired if I were a mermaid."

"I was very young," Garth apologized; "I had queerish ideas about things, then."

"Implying that you think you haven't now?" his uncle demanded, and wisely withdrew.

Garth grinned and sat down on the floor to further Bobs' enterprise with the blocks. Small Elspeth promptly sat on top of her cousin, who could always be depended upon to furnish the most delightful and thrilling entertainment. He now transformed Bobs' muddle of cubes and bricks into a rather square but none the less imposing ship, with paint-brush masts, and his handkerchief square-rigged on lead-pencil yards. When he added the contents of his pockets for cargo, Elspeth bounced on him hard and gleefully. But Bobs said, "Go, boat! Go!" and pushed the vessel vigorously from behind, whereupon it collapsed with a crash.

"Struck a reef and was lost with all hands," said Garth. "Look at the cargo, all floating around! Hurry up and swim, Elspeth, and see if you can't save some of it!"

He left the children ecstatically wriggling about the floor on their tummies, swimming with arms and legs, and went to his own room, where he shied his Panama hat up to the top of the book shelves and dropped Captain Ferguson's card on his table.

Over the head of his bed hung the picture of the Ship of Dreams that his uncle had painted for him as long ago as his eighth



Garth Pemberley

birthday—a lovely thing, eternally sailing toward him from an ethereal and magic twilight. Garth thought her, at the moment, very like the Arran. He sat down on the bed and looked at her, thinking of those far ports up and down the world that he longed to see; of Captain Ferguson's little shop with its simmering glue-pot; of the trigonometry that awaited him at Tech; of his father, off on that destroyer which Garth privately thought was rather an inadequate substitute for the sailing-ships in the stories his father used to write.

The sea-longing that pursued Garth had always filled Jim Pemberley, too, and entering the Navy at the time of the war had been an obvious and immediate way of answering that sea-summons. That meant leaving the lighthouse, which everyone had laughed at when Jim went to be its keeper and to write in peace, but which had become a never-to-be-forgotten part in the lives of the Pemberleys. That was long since over, but the Navy still held Jim, and the long periods of sea duty separated a family that had been unusually closely knit. Elspeth Pemberley, who always thought first of her husband and her son, held her peace and packed the belongings of the family from one naval station to another, but she sometimes wondered if the destroyer were not destroying even more than its name implied, in the marring of so wonderful a thing as their life together had been.

GARTH duly went to lunch with the captain the following Wednesday. The table in the little living-room was now spread with a white cloth and laid with knives and forks. The captain stood considering it, a dish in his hand.

"I'm giving you the Lowestoft plate," said he, "because you're guest of honor."

He gently dislodged the gray cat, and

pulled the armchair and the bench up to the table. Then, at a sound of sizzling, he strode through the red curtains and snatched a bubbling saucepan of potatoes off the little stove, from which the glue-pot had been deposed.

"I'm trying to give you a shipboard dinner," he explained, prodding the potatoes with a fork. "You'll have to be using imagination about it, however. I've a bit of smoked corned beef here, doing duty for salt horse. And of course you'd not get the lettuce leaf at sea."

He was putting the things on the table as he spoke—the steaming potatoes, newly dished up, the beef, a French-dressed salad. Then the captain donned his coat, which he had laid aside while the cooking went forward, and they both sat down.

"I'm glad I sit where I can see the Arran," Garth said, as he pulled up his chair.

"I just thought you might like to have her in your eye," the captain agreed, casting a glance over his shoulder at the loveliness of her. Then he said: "Looking at her too long sometimes makes me feel so cobwebby I have to be up and away."

"Where do you go then?" Garth asked.

"Oh, to sea," said the captain, casually.

"Whenever you want to?" Garth's voice was not without a wistful envy.

"Now and again," the captain returned,

"when I get a ship."

"Do you just walk down to the wharves and ask one if you may take her out?" Garth inquired, laughing. "It must be fun."

"There's my master's papers to help me," the captain said. "Will you be ready for another bit of salt horse?"

"How often to you get cobwebby?" Garth wanted to know, passing his plate.

"Sometimes a year, sometimes more, sometimes less." The captain was reflective. "I'm unco cobwebby now."

"Then you'll soon be off, I suppose. I'm glad I happened to catch you just now," Garth said, staring at the Arran.

"The war spoiled me," the captain stated.

"I was pleased enough to be sailing the sea, while, in my youth. But the war was seafaring with an extra tingle to it. It's seemed simple enough, since."

"Were you in the British navy?" Garth asked.

"Merchant service. Convoying, and mine-sweeping, and such odd jobs. Odd they were, too. Now, I mind the little Latimer—" He settled back in his chair, smiling, and Garth cocked his ears in delighted anticipation of a yarn. But the captain sprang up. "Ech—save me!" he cried. "I'm forgetting far and away the best part of a Sunday-at-sea dinner like this!"

He was gone with a swirl of the red curtains, between which Garth presently saw a cloud of steam, and heard the captain's muttered injunctions to some inanimate thing with which he was dealing. He emerged a moment later, triumphant, and carrying an impressive pudding.

"Plum-duff!" he announced. "And wait a bit—I've a wee jug of Promised Land sauce to go with it, somewhere about."

"Promised Land sauce?" Garth repeated, mystified but intrigued, looking inquiringly at the captain.

"Flowing with milk and honey," the captain explained. "That's the ingredients."

The plum-duff was remarkably good; for a moment Garth was so taken up by its

Christmassy taste and the captain's cleverness in making it that he forgot the incipient yarn. He remembered it suddenly and said, spoon halfway to his mouth:

"But what about the Latimer?"

"Oh, ay, the Latimer," said the captain.

"She was a little wee ship I had. What did she do one day but strike the chain connecting two mines! One hit her on the bow, the other swung and got her amidships. She just crumpled together and went down instantly. More plum-duff?"

"But what about you?" Garth demanded.

"I'll have a bit more, later—oh, you mean when the Latimer went down! Oh, well, I flew up into the air with the engine-room telegraph still in my hand. Silly, wasn't it? But instinct. One wants to stop the ship."

"Where did you come down?" Garth ventured.

"In the water," said the captain mildly.

"The best place; much softer, you ken, than the ship. As I flew up in the air I saw the inch steel bulkhead of the messroom buckle open like cardboard, and the second mate shot through holding a knife and fork in his hands. Yes, really. He picked himself up and scrambled over the side—but the propeller got him. Poor chap, I was sorry about that. He was a nice chap; the only man I lost."

"But what happened when you were all in the water, with the ship gone?" Garth asked.

"Oh, she was such a wee little ship, the Latimer, that I knew if anything happened to her there'd no be much time, so I had one of the boats just loose on the chocks so she'd float off. She did that, and we climbed aboard of her."

"And here you sit peaceably eating plum-duff," Garth commented. "Did you think you ever would again?"

"I'd little enough time to be thinking of anything at all," said the captain.

The gray kitten had jumped softly to Garth's knee, and he was rubbing her ears reflectively and looking once more at the Arran.

"That was a different sort of adventure—the war," he said. "In some ways, wasn't the Arran best of all?"

"There's no denying it," the captain said at last; "she was. When is it you'll be leaving school?" he added irrelevantly.

"Next week," Garth told him. "Then I'm off to Hampton Roads."

"And Tech next year," the captain mused.

"You're ower young, it seems to me. And how are you going to the Roads?"

"Train."

"Would you no rather go on a wee ship?" the captain inquired, and Garth stared at him. "I've a sort of freighter I'll be taking out. I'm cobwebby, I'm telling you. She's no a very gude ship, compared with the Arran, say, but the best I could do this time. I could set you down to the Roads, if you can stop till Saturday week in town, for it's then she's sailing."

Garth was transfixed and could only ask the captain if he really meant it.

"Surely I do—why not? I've orders to coast and to coal at the Roads before I strike across."

"Where is she bound?" Garth asked.

"Portuguese West Africa."

"The luck of some people!" Garth said.

"But oh, you're a brick to let me have a look-in on even a bit of it!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE word "squawk" is not a pretty word, but, as has often been pointed out, there are no pretty words for ugly deeds. "Blab" is not a pretty word, and neither is "snitch" or "squeal." The word "tattle-tale" has a round, rolling sound, but like the others tells so vividly the meaning of the action that it loses its attractiveness on the mere utterance.

None of these words is popular, partly because they are ugly words, and partly because the deeds they name are uglier still. Nobody likes a squawker. It is not sporting to snitch. Blab, and see how quickly you lose favor not merely with the one on whom you squeal but with the one to whom you tattle.

The day before commencement at Jordan University, Jimmy Byers sat in his room at the fraternity house and thought long and miserable thoughts on the subject of tale-bearing. He thought of it as squawking, because that is the word used nowadays. His roommate and good friend, big Hilly Hilligoss, facing graduation exercises next morning with his long course in the school of medicine finished, was out saying good-by

## Jimmy Lets Out a Squawk

By JONATHAN BROOKS

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

to college chums. Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, second and third with Jimmy of the three musketeers from Lockerbie Hall, and co-fighters with him in freshman football, basketball and baseball, also were out of the house.

Wearily from a long day spent in helping to entertain visitors from the homes of graduating seniors, Jimmy lay sprawled on his bed. The sad yet warming spirit of commencement week had gripped him, although he was ending merely his first year in the great university. He hated to say good-by to Hilligoss, first his enemy and then his good friend. He remembered the pleasures he had found at Jordan, and recounted the tough problems he had encountered.

And then he fell to thinking of Dory Hawkins, rival for quarterback on next year's varsity eleven, and his best personal enemy. Hawkins, unscrupulous, a hard fellow outweighing Jimmy by twenty pounds, had twice precipitated trouble for the boy. On the football field, after tackling and throwing Jim, he had roughed him and called him yellow. Jimmy withstood the roughing and met the taunt with great self-control. Again, before a crowd of loafers, Hawkins had tantalized the boy by blocking the sidewalk. Jimmy shouldered him aside, and Hawkins started to retaliate, having now an excuse to beat up his smaller rival. But Les and Billy happened along, and Hawkins changed his mind.

"He needn't have tried to drag me into



Jimmy Byers sat thinking long and miserable thoughts



professional baseball, though," Jimmy mused. "Nice mess I'd have been in, with Billy and Les. If we'd fallen for it, he'd have us in the same boat with himself, in case he got into trouble. By George—"

"Kid, you look so blue a fellow would think it's you graduating tomorrow, instead of me," interrupted Hilligoss, coming into the room quietly. Jimmy rolled over and sat up on the edge of the bed. "I'm the guy that's leaving, while you've got three more years to stay. Let me do the sob stuff."

"You don't seem any too happy yourself," grinned Jimmy.

"Nope, and why should I?" demanded Hilligoss, sitting down near the window opening out against the branches of a big elm tree. "Been here almost six years. Had a battle at first, but most of the time the place has been good to me. Jordan is a great old place, and I hate to leave."

"It's been good to me, too," said Jimmy, after a time.

"Then you ought not to look so glum," Hilligoss replied.

"Well, I was not thinking about that," Jimmy explained. "I was trying to make up my mind to squawk on Dory Hawkins."

"I wouldn't do it," Hilly spoke up, quickly. "Don't do it. Looks like a bum sport, to squeal."

"I know it, and that's why I don't want to say anything," said Jim. "But then I've got to do it."

"Why?" demanded Hilly. A senior with a freshman under his wing will, if he likes that freshman, keep him from making tactless moves.

"Well, Dory tried to get me and Les and Billy to join him on a professional ball team this summer," said Jim.

"You didn't join him, did you?" queried Hilly. "No. Well then, what of it?"

"He's played pro ball himself," Jimmy replied.

"Is that any of your business?" Hilly demanded, aggressively. "You keep out of it, kid. A fellow's tongue can get him in enough trouble talkin' about his own affairs, without lettin' it wag at somebody else. Now, listen—"

He was interrupted in his rough and ready discourse by the noisy entrance of Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, seeking Jimmy.

"Nice little family gathering here," boomed big Les.

"Giving the boy a last bit of advice?" asked Billy.

"You're the guys that put the fresh in freshman," grinned Hilligoss. "But you're right, I'm giving him the best advice he ever had. He wants to go and split on Hawkins for playing professional ball, and I'm talking him out of it."

"Aw, Jim, you don't want to butt into that bird's affairs," protested Les.

"Wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole," added Billy.

"Can't help it," began Jimmy.

"Why, it would look like you're trying to have him barred so you can win the job at quarter without any trouble," interrupted Les Moore.

"You can beat him out," Billy chimed in, "without worrying about his pro baseball. Lay off him, Jim."

Jimmy Byers, suddenly resolute, stiffened as Les and Billy spoke. He stood up, clenched his fists and crossed the room.

"If that's the way it looks to my best friends, I've got to do it," he said, shortly. "I'm going over to the gym right now and find Coach Phillips."

He strode out the door and slammed it behind him. The others stared after him in surprise, and then looked at each other dumbly.

"Pig-headed little—" began Hilligoss.

"Let's go with him," exclaimed Billy and, closely followed by Les, ran to the door and snatched it open. "Wait a minute, Jim."

"We'll go with you," added Les. "Might have trouble."

"Go by myself," retorted Jimmy, from the head of the stairs. "You hot-headed fellows would make trouble." And he ran down the steps. Les and Billy went back to denounce their chum to big Hilligoss. None of them could understand why the boy would stoop to the level of an informer.

JIMMY, without hat or coat, left the house by a side door and cut across the lawn to avoid mingling with the commencement visitors thronging to the house for dinner. Across the street and through the campus he hurried at his customary jogtrot. Head down, engrossed in thought, he was nearing the gymnasium when he almost bumped into another boy.

"Heads up," exclaimed the other, laughing. "Oh, it's Jimmy. Hi, kid, what's the rush, and where to?"

"Up to the gym, to see Coach a minute," Jimmy explained. The other boy was husky Jake Hilligoss, younger brother of Jimmy's roommate, and a fellow battler with Jimmy on the freshman football team.

"Go with you, and then go home with you," volunteered Jake, and he fell into step with Jimmy, without giving him a chance to refuse company. Jimmy wanted to ask him not to come, but Jake, a great burly fellow, had taken a sort of protective interest in the smaller chap and could not be denied. In football he had always taken care of his man



"Why, you dirty little squealer," exclaimed Hawkins, advancing a step towards Jimmy

and then hustled around to look after Jimmy.

Jim hated to be caught by one of his friends in the act of carrying tales, but finally reflected, as they hurried up the gymnasium steps, that it might be just as well to have company. He sought out the office of Coach Phillips, with Jake at his heels. The coach was at his desk, signing some letters.

"Hello, boys," he said. "How are things?"

"Not so good," Jimmy replied, uneasily. "I wanted to see you a minute, to talk to you. Would you mind sending for Hawkins, sir?"

"What's up, Byers?" asked Coach Phillips.

"Well, I've got something to tell you, sir, but I'd rather say it with Hawkins here," Jimmy explained.

"Important, as well as mysterious?" asked Phillips, smiling. But as he did so he reached for the telephone. Calling for the fraternity house where Hawkins lived, he soon had Dory on the wire and asked him to come at once to the gym. "Now then, boys, you'll excuse me till I've read and signed these letters. Hawkins will be here in a little while," he said.

He went ahead with his mail, and Jimmy and Jake sat down on chairs near a window, overlooking a broad stretch of the rolling campus. Jake wondered what it was all about. Jimmy, nervous but intent on going through with his program, squirmed restlessly on his chair.

"What the samhill?" asked Jake, in a whisper, when he could stand the suspense no longer.

But for answer Jimmy merely shook his head. Coach Phillips continued signing his letters. It was ten minutes before they heard the approaching steps of big Dory Hawkins, echoing down the empty hall, and Jimmy was in a cold sweat. Hawkins entered the office, as the coach finished the last of his letters.

"Well, Hawkins, here you are," said Phillips. "Byers just came in and said he had something to tell me and wanted to have you here."

"Oh, Byers, yeah," sneered Hawkins, with a side glance at Jimmy. "Where's yer regular bodyguard, kid?"

"Left them at home for your sake," replied Jimmy, grinning.

"Now then, boys, leave out the rough stuff," admonished Coach Phillips. "It's late. Let's get at this thing. What is it, Byers? Let's have the whole story."

"Well, sir, it's hard to go into it," said Jim, soberly. "But I decided I had to. A

week ago, after that game with the varsity when we subbed for the Japanese, Hawkins introduced me and Armstrong and Moore to a man named Watkins. This man Watkins," and Jimmy looked at Hawkins to find Dory scowling maliciously at him, "offered us jobs at fifty dollars a week playing ball this summer."

"What?" exclaimed Phillips, rising from his chair.

"Aw, for the love of Mike," began Hawkins, with an attempt at laughter. "After the way me'n Byers been fightin' around here, would I go and try to help him—"

"Never mind, Hawkins. What else, Byers?" commanded the coach.

"and tried to talk me out of coming if that's of any interest to you. Lay off them. I'm the one that's squawking, and nobody else."

"All right, all right, let's drop the argument," cut in Coach Phillips. "Now then, Byers has told his story, and Hawkins has denied it. Neither of you can prove your story, except by somebody just as much interested. I'll find out for myself what the facts are, because I know Watkins myself. I'll be awfully sorry, Hawkins, if I find out that what Byers says is true. I shall hate to lose you, if you are barred, because you can be a good quarterback, if you like. And, Byers, if what you've said is not true, I shall feel badly about it. I would not like to think that you are a squealer."

"Aw, Coach, listen," spoke up Jake Hilligoss, as Jimmy flushed deeply. "This fellow's not that kind. You can believe him, Coach."

"It is not my job, right now, to believe anything," said Coach Phillips. "Rather, it is my job to find out the facts, and then act. That's what I'll do. You both understand this is a serious matter. For my part, I should not like to be in the shoes of either one of you, but I will certainly see that the right thing is done. Now then, Byers, just another word. No, sit down, Hawkins; I'm not through with you yet. Byers, I've always thought you were a square, hard-fighting boy. How does it come I find you squealing? Is it necessary to get even with Hawkins? Aren't you one or two up on him anyhow?"

"Mr. Phillips," said Jimmy, choking down a lump in his throat, "I didn't want to squawk. I—"

"Aw, that's good," Hawkins muttered. "Shut up, Dory," commanded the coach. "Go ahead, Byers."

"Go ahead, Byers."

"WELL, it's hard to tell, sir," Jimmy began again. "But commencement came along. I'm only a freshman, but I saw big Hilly leaving, and a lot of other fellows, and they all talk about what Jordan has done for them; and it got me to thinking that this place has been good to me, too. I wouldn't have come in here, except for that. Big Hilly tried to stop me, and so did Les and Billy Armstrong. Jake, here, didn't know what I was coming for. But it's this way, Coach. I got to thinking Jordan has been good to me, and I haven't done anything for Jordan. Next year I'm going to, if I can. Then I got to thinking about football, and about Hawkins and this professional baseball stuff. I want to play quarter next fall. So does Hawkins."

"So you come runnin' in here with this stuff and figure I'll get knocked out, hey?" sneered Dory. "Givin' you the job."

"But one quarterback is not enough. I might get hurt, or Hawkins might get hurt," continued Jimmy, disregarding the big fellow's interruption. "Well, if Jordan has been good to me, it is up to me to be good to Jordan, even if I have to look like a squealer to do it. So I thought I could stand that, if you could take this evidence, and put the case up to the Association and get Dory whitewashed. If you can, we'll have him here. If you can't, and I'd never told, somebody else might find out about it and make a protest against him and—"

"All right, Byers, all right," and Coach Phillips stopped him. He walked around his desk and patted the boy on the shoulder. "You've done exactly the right thing, and I'm proud of you. I don't think I said anything hard to you about being a squealer, but I admit I thought badly of you, for a minute. And I want to apologize for even thinking it. Now then," and he turned about to Hawkins. "Dory, stand up."

"Yes, sir," said Hawkins, in a daze.

"Hawkins, this boy has done a fine thing for you, and for Jordan," said the coach.

"He's let me, and you, and his buddies, think he's a squealer, in order to do it. Now then, let's come clean and get to work on this proposition. The Collegiate Association will whitewash, or declare eligible, boys who have played professional baseball, provided they can tell a straightforward story of necessity and are honest about it. I want you to tell me—"

"Aw, Coach," and Dory fairly whined, "I had to, I thought. Didn't have any money or anybody back of me, and I figured to make enough money to bring me back to school. It's tough when—"

"I know all about that," said the coach. "But how about this summer. To have you declared eligible, so that you can be out there fighting with Byers for that job at quarterback next fall, we must have your promise that you will not play professionally again. How about that?"

"They know I'm here," declared Jimmy,



"I got to have some kind of a job," "Surely, and I'll help you find one," Coach Phillips promised. "That's good. Now then, Hawkins, you come over here in the morning, and we'll start to work on this thing and save you for Jordan's best football team next fall. Byers, I'm much obliged to you. Come here," and Coach Phillips grasped one boy with each hand, while big Jake Hilligoss stood in the background.

"Hawkins, Byers has been a friend of

yours, against your wishes, and I want you to shake hands with him," said the coach. "Byers, Hawkins is going to be a friend of yours. Shake on this thing," he commanded.

The two boys, Byers standing inches shorter, faced each other and gripped palms. "That's right," Hawkins managed to say. "And I'll be here next fall to give you a battle for that job," he added, stubbornly. "Suits me," grinned Jimmy.

"All right, boys, we start a new deal. Run

along now, it's dinner time. See you next fall, Byers. Have you work to do?" asked the Coach.

"Office boy in a railroad office in New York," Jimmy replied, grinning.

"Armstrong lives there, doesn't he?" the coach queried. "Let me give you a football to take with you. Get out with him and throw him passes when he can. Good-by, boys, take care of yourselves. Put some muscle on where the fat is now, Jake."

Hawkins had shuffled out by the time Jimmy had thanked Phillips for the football. Jim and Jake started to go, but the coach had one more word, and put out a hand to detain them.

"And, Jake, tell the other freshmen and your big brother about this, but nobody else."

"Tell 'em?" echoes big Jake, grabbing Jimmy by the arm. "I'll crown 'em, for thinking he would squawk just to be squawking."

SO school ended at last; and on Prize Day the speakers told us to go out and face the cruel world like brave young sons of Middletown Academy. Then we packed up; and Stan Biddle and Bill King and I talked things over till long past midnight.

"Of course," I said at last, feeling tired out, "I can't compete with you two birds when it comes to facing the cruel world like a brave young son of Harvard or Princeton. My father needs me over in Vermont, to face the world in his machine shop and hardware store. Six months from now, both of you would high-hat me if we met on the street."

"Is that so?" they both asked.

"You'll be walking around Harvard Yard with your nose in the air," I said to Stan. "And you, Bill, will be taking the position, or whatever they call it, every time a Princeton sophomore wants a little arm exercise paddling you. You will regard Bill Roper as a bigger man than Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither of you will be able to see me with a microscope."

They knew I was only joking; but they came over and pulled my chair out from under me, and sat on me, and threatened all kinds of things.

"In about two years," said Stan, while Bill was beating me with a book, "you will have put such life into your father's business that you will be called the Clawhammer and Maple Sugar King of Vermont. When mere college boys are mentioned to you, you will pity them and say you have scratched them off your visiting list."

They let me up at last, and we went to bed so hot and exhausted that we could hardly sleep. There is something solemn about your last night in any place where you have lived for a long time. But in the morning there was so much confusion, and lost railway tickets, and boys jumping up and down on their trunks, trying to shut them, that there couldn't be anything melancholy about our leave-taking, as you might say. But I made Bill and Stan promise that they would come and camp with me for a week in August, before going to their celebrated colleges.

I studied about this in July a great deal and made a plan that I felt sure would please the boys. Not far from St. Johnsbury, where we live, there are some real woods, with plenty of lakes and ponds. Father agreed to drive us up there in the Dodge delivery car and leave us to camp for a week on land belonging to a friend of his.

It is my idea that you should make yourself really comfortable when you go into the woods. There is a man named Henry, from Boston, who buys a good deal of merchandise from Father when he comes our way in summer time. He says that the whole fun of camping consists in "roughing it," and that a can of beans, slightly warmed, tastes better in the woods than the finest dinner he ever ate at a swell hotel. This Mr. Henry wants to go into the woods barehanded, and snare rabbits, and make fires by rubbing sticks together, and catch a bear in a pit scooped out by his own hands with only such primitive tools as sharp stones and the like. This is the city man's idea of a good time; but it's not mine.

So I spent a lot of time borrowing a tent and getting a fine outfit together. Stan Biddle knows Texas as well as he knows the palm of his hand, but our style of camping isn't like ranching and riding the range. And Bill King, in spite of his huge size and strength, is only a tenderfoot at any kind of outdoor life. So I took a lot of trouble. I went up to Newport, Vermont, one day and got some extra equipment there, including one big surprise.

BILL and Stan came together on the early train, and I was down at the station with the car to meet them.

"What ho!" said Bill.

"Three cheers for the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the padlocks!" shouted Stan.

## The Snipe Hunt

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

Illustrated by ALLAN F. THOMAS



After supper he pulled an enormous brier pipe out of his mouth and said we were silly not to smoke

I was wearing my regular camping clothes, meaning my old suit and a flannel shirt, also old, and a pair of sneakers. Stan and Bill were dressed up like dudes: they had linen golf trousers and what are called "pinch-back sport jackets," and lovely clean straw hats. They had been down at Bill's father's house at New London. It didn't take me long to run them over to our house for breakfast, and then we did a little shopping around town—khaki pants for Bill and Stan, flannel shirts, sneakers, and so forth. We left their fancy togs in my room, and left their bathing suits too—I was glad to announce that no suits would be needed in the private pond where we were going.

Mother and the girls liked Stan and Bill a lot, and Father seemed to take to them after they had changed their clothes. Bill ate enough hot cakes to make Mother feel her skill wasn't wasted, and Stan gave Father a machete from Mexico. They also had some souvenirs from the New London stores for the girls. So we got away at nine o'clock with everybody happy.

They had a good chance to see my room, however, while they were dressing for the woods. It was all full of Middletown pictures, and I had a trophy football too, which they gave me as captain of the second team after we beat the Weston seconds.

"You certainly do like the old school, don't you, Jack?" asked Bill King. "This class group picture looks great, with you three magnificent monitors in the middle—you and Stan and Sparrow Doon. I hope he chokes!"

This was said on account of Bill's well-known hostility to Sparrow; and both Stan and I couldn't help laughing.

"We've seen the last of Sparrow Doon," said Stan.

Never were words more mistaken, as events were to prove.

We drove north, on the Lyndonville road. The car was pretty full of stuff, and there was one big, round article wrapped in burlap. I wouldn't tell them what it was, saving it for a surprise.

Through Lyndonville we went and straight north, turning off at last on a road well known to my father—but not till we were past Willoughby Lake. The sight of this lake from its south end gave the boys a great thrill, and I actually had to stop the car and let them admire it.

"Why go to Switzerland?" exclaimed Bill.

"Or the Saguenay?" asked Stan.

"The Saguenay's much finer," said

Father; "but little old Vermont's good enough for me."

We rattled over rough roads after that, working to the east. It was noon before the last road ended, and we got out and carried our stuff through the woods to our lake.

I call it *our* lake. It looked as if nobody had ever been there before. The lake was about two miles long, and winding like a river. The trees came down to the shore everywhere, and there wasn't a house in sight—just solitude, and peace, and the sun in a fine blue sky full of enormous white clouds. I could see these things making an impression on Stan and Bill.

"Now I'll take dinner with you," said Father, helping to unpack the grub. "I saw my friend Henry yesterday, and he said that boys don't want anything good to eat—no steaks or fresh eggs or corn. He said that he likes canned goods himself, in the woods, and the best delicacy is peaches right out of the can. He says boys like to be dirty as pigs and that he likes it himself, when camping. Well, maybe he does and maybe you will like it too—but here goes for one square meal."

He broiled a steak and served it with tomato sauce and potato chips. Then he gave us one of Mother's peach pies and some coffee with thick cream. Stan and Bill liked this good food so much they stuffed till they could hold no more, and they shook hands with him again and again before he went away. They also said they hoped his skill as a camp cook had been inherited by me.

After that, for a long time, we just lay and looked at the view and talked.

"Smoking?" asked Bill.

"With freshman football coming in six weeks?" said Stan. "I guess not! But don't mind me."

"Same here," said Bill. "But go as far as you like, Jack."

"I'm not smoking either," I answered. "Yes, we've all had a puff in the past, I know. But I've got a couple of inches to grow yet, I hope, and I'd like to have both of them down to the last centimeter."

"You don't measure inches in centimeters."

"Why not?"

"It's too peaceful here to argue," said Stan. He was sorting over some spinners in the fishing box.

"Going fishing, are you?"

"Yes, if I knew what bait to use."

"Well, I'd use minnows if I had any. Maybe, if you took the minnow net and walked round the shore, you would find

some. Grasshoppers are easier. There's one on the back of your neck now."

Bill and Stan exerted themselves gently to find bait; and I went back to the road and took the burlap off my surprise—a real Indian birch-bark canoe. They greeted it with shouts of pleasure, and well they might—it had cost me the trip to Newport to secure it from an old Indian who used it on Lake Memphremagog.

In this delicate and cranky canoe, Bill was about as comfortable as a bull moose would be in a racing shell. But he got the knack of paddling it after a while, and he and Stan went out and fished for black bass. They came back in an hour with a three-pound pickerel, which pleased them just as well.

NOW I cannot tell you what happened from hour to hour after this. As Walt Whitman said, the great thing in camp is not to live by the clock but to loaf and invite your soul. We had good meals, if I do say so; sometimes I pitied that poor, misguided Mr. Henry, who was no doubt enjoying his canned peaches somewhere within fifty miles of us, or smacking his lips over a cold sausage from a delicatessen store. We swam a lot, and lay on the shore a lot, and fished a lot, and talked still more—and hour after hour went by like a dream.

"I'm going to sit up all night if I want to," grunted Bill, on the second evening, "and that little squirt of a Sparrow Doon can't catch me. This is the life!"

"This is the life!" we all said, rolling into our blankets, and making just a few good-night jokes at one another's expense before going to sleep.

On the third morning Bill found deer tracks in the bog at the east end of our lake; and he practiced silent paddling, with a narrow-bladed paddle, so that he could stalk the deer at midnight, with our camp lantern in the bow of the canoe. Stan and I, also exploring the bog, saw a doe and fawn, along with plenty of squirrels, hawks, and a bird which might have been a meadow lark or a snipe, if it hadn't been a woodcock. But Stan thought it was a snipe, and I advise you to make a note of the word.

There was wild life all round us, and at dinner time that day I brought a baby skunk into camp. It had lost its mother somewhere, although we had smelled her on the previous evening. Baby skunks are all right if you catch them young enough, and this little chap was as smart and playful as a kitten. Bill wanted to nickname it Sparrow Doon, but said on reflection that this wouldn't be quite fair to our amusing little pet. After a while we let the baby go; we were getting so lazy that nobody would make the effort to run after it. We were much less argumentative than we had been in school; we just lay round camp, and talked things over easily. This is one result of out-of-door life that I have never noticed in the books about it. It makes you feel friendly and comfortable, and at peace with the world.

INTO our calm and happy existence, Sparrow Doon fell like an airplane bomb. He came screaming and shouting down the trail to our camp, yelling: "Ooh-hoo, ooh-hoo! Here I am, Jack, Bill, Stan! Here I come, fellows! Ooh-hoo!"

We heard this detestable noise long before we could see Sparrow and his suitcase. It made our blood run cold. We were swimming at the time, and he came to the shore and jumped up and down in excitement, yelling "Ooh-hoo!"

We came out and stood around, while he told us he had telephoned Mr. Biddle and Mr. Biddle told him that Stan and Bill were camping in Vermont with me. Then he called St. Johnsbury on long distance, telling Mother that he was our classmate and best friend. So Mother, not suspecting that we wouldn't be glad to have him, told him just where we were. She thought she was doing us a favor.

It would be hard to tell you all the things



that Sparrow did around camp, or just how popular he made himself. Here are a very, very few of his feats. He insisted on trying to cook, and spoiled our peas by letting them boil over into the fire. He hummed and sang the school song, "Middletown, My Middletown," all the time, and said we had rotten school spirit because we wouldn't sing it too. He played a lot of silly jokes on us, like hiding the matches and the minnow pail, and behaving just as if he were still a kid in the lowest class at school. He tried the canoe, while we weren't looking, and put his foot through it. After supper he pulled an enormous briar pipe out of his mouth and said we were silly not to smoke, now we weren't subject to rules any more.

This pipe led to his downfall, as things turned out. It wouldn't keep burning, and he had to light it all the time. He threw matches around, and there had been no rain for weeks; so he soon set the woods on fire. A big bush went up like a torch, and the grass began to blaze, and soon there was the making of a fire that would have burned the woods for miles.

We put it out with great difficulty, using water from the lake, and getting our clothes and hands pretty well scorched. But was Sparrow ashamed? Not at all.

"Gee, that was exciting, fellows!" he said. "I never knew how fast trees will burn. Lucky we were near a lake, wasn't it?"

"It is going to be most unlucky for you," said Stan, in a cold tone. "Little boys who act as if they were six years old mustn't play with matches. We aren't smoking, and we don't think you are old and wise enough to decide whether you can. Therefore, Bill, you will confiscate that vile pipe. Thank you."

There was a short scuffle, but Bill had the pipe in a minute; and while he held Sparrow, Stan filled its bowl with small pebbles, mortaring them down with mud. He then hurled the weighted pipe as far as he could into the lake, where it sank like a stone. He followed it with Sparrow's tobacco pouch, which floated for a time like a water lily; but, as Sparrow had ruined the canoe, he couldn't go out and rescue it. Meanwhile, Bill had taken the matches away from him. And that was that!

Sparrow sulked for a few minutes, but you could never suppress him long.

"I suppose you think you're funny," he said. "Well, I never cared much about smoking, anyway. What shall we do now—go for a swim?"

WE saw that his case was hopeless; even more hopeless than we had known. But Stan whispered to Bill and me that he had the germ of an idea. Knowing Stan's resourcefulness, we hoped it would be good—and it was.

After breakfast next morning, Stan took Sparrow for a walk. Bill and I followed close behind.

"There are a lot of interesting birds around here," began Stan, in kindly tones. "I have been impressed by an idea that the Wilson's snipe may be nesting here. Wouldn't that be interesting to prove?"

"Huh? Why, yes, of course it would," answered Sparrow, who could never bear to show ignorance of any subject.

"Think what the Smithsonian Institution would say, if we could prove it. Or the Fairmount Park Zoo. Why, the cost and difficulty of sending an expedition to the snipe's usual nesting grounds in the Hud-

son Bay country, or in Siberia, are enormous. But if we could get a mother bird with her brood right here, we could have them in Philadelphia within twenty-four hours. Or in the Bronx Park Zoo even more quickly. Imagine! It would be a feather in their caps, wouldn't it?"

"Would they pay well for it?" asked Sparrow, beginning to share Stan's enthusiasm. "I'm asking you," said Stan. "What must it cost to send a party of ornithologists to the Arctic Circle to procure these specimens—if, indeed, the specimens can survive the long journey home?"

"The cost must be frightful," agreed Sparrow. We could see the idea was taking hold of him.

We were walking around the bog, and pretty soon a bird jumped up and darted into the trees.

"I bet that's a snipe," said Sparrow, excitedly. "It looked like a snipe to me, fellows. I saw the sharp wings. Oh, I bet it's a female, and we can find her nest!"

He began to run around in circles, getting wet above his knees. Every minute he was convincing himself of the rarity of snipes' nests. We let him search for a long time; and at dinner time he told us solemnly that any big zoo would readily pay \$1000 for a brood.

After dinner, we looked around and found a big sawed-off trunk, with a hole in it. Before Sparrow came up, we agreed to let him persuade himself that this was the nest. He put his ear to it and said that he was sure he could hear the rustle of the young birds within. It was wonderful how he could persuade himself about such things; all we had to do was to look interested and respectful, and Sparrow would go on inventing things for hours, and believing in them, too. A lot of people are like that, but Sparrow was surely an aggravated case.

"I don't know the first thing about snipe-hunting," said Bill, "but I've noticed a lot of nesting birds; and if you stand around the nest, the mother bird will get badly frightened. The snipe is said to be shy. I suggest you go away now and give her a chance." "Maybe you've scared her off for good," added Stan.

"Gee, I hope not, fellows," said Sparrow, starting off for camp. "But I heard the young birds just as clearly as I heard you. I am sure, if I had a sack, and if I put the sack over the hole tonight, and just made a gentle buzzing sound in imitation of the insects which are her food, the mother snipe would come out and her chicks would follow her."

He would have gone into details, drawing them from his copious imagination, but I interrupted to say I had a sack, and that I would be delighted to see him capture this valuable brood in the very way he proposed.

We had supper, and it began to get dark. Sparrow had advanced to the point of spending the actual money he expected to win. He said he would buy a chummy roadster first, one of the kind guaranteed to do seventy miles an hour; and after that, he was going to get an express rifle and several other things.

"We don't share?" I asked. "Huh? Why—why, yes, of course, I'll get something nice for you," said Sparrow, doubtfully. He had never thought of us at all as partners; I think that will show you what kind of a fellow he was.

After dark, Sparrow went cautiously back to the stump. He took the bag and held it over the hole. We stood at a distance.



After dark Sparrow went cautiously over to the stump, took the bag and held it over the hole

"Why not begin to buzz?" I asked. "What did you say about a gentle buzzing sound?"

"You shut up," commanded Sparrow, hoarsely. "If there is all this loud talking around here, the birds will get scared and probably injure themselves. This takes time. Leave it to somebody who knows about it." "Guess we're not wanted," whispered Stan.

We moved away. We went to a point on the shore from which we could see Sparrow holding the bag. The moon rose soon—it was so bright that we could see him slapping and scratching himself, as the mosquitoes grew painful. At last we had to go to camp, where our fire was smoking. We passed him on the way.

"Any luck?" whispered Stan in a soothing way.

"I'm afraid you are going to have a long vigil," said Bill.

"Go away from here," snapped Sparrow. "Every time the snipe starts to come out, you scare her back again. You've got her so wild now that it may take hours!"

Hours! We fairly hugged ourselves and could hardly restrain our laughter until we were back in camp. Our smudge kept the mosquitoes away, and there was netting across the end of the tent. We went to bed, and laughed until we were nearly sick.

"Did you ever think he would bite so hard?" gasped Bill at last.

"He's a biter from Biterville," said Stan. "But he can't bite as hard as the skeets are biting him," Bill gurgled. "He'll be a sorry sight in the morning, I tell you—if he lives till morning."

WE slept lightly, on the whole. I know I waked up several times and heard owls hooting, and once a wildcat yowled near the camp. I wished the cat would go and bite a piece out of Sparrow. I knew how much the yowl must have scared him. But he never stirred from the stump. He wanted that chummy roadster too much.

Money is said to be the root of all evil, but in this case it was the root of a lot of patience too. At last, just before three o'clock by my watch, Sparrow gave a yowl that fairly outdid the wildcat. It waked me, and I waked the others.

"Ooh-hoo!" Sparrow was screaming. "Come on, fellows. I've caught something. Come quick! He-el-elp!"

We hurried down the rough trail to the stump, and there was Sparrow holding on to his sack. The moon was so bright we could distinctly see something flopping in it.

"Wait for the little ones," screamed Sparrow Doon. "They've probably all come too, but there may be still others. Didn't I tell you I'd catch them? When's the first train home?"

He carried the sack back to camp. I lighted the lantern, and we cautiously investigated. Sparrow Doon did the investigating—he wouldn't let us get very near, but I helped by holding the light.

No sooner had he peeped into the sack than something very strong and active hit him in the eye. He recoiled, closing the sack.

"Lucky I didn't lose my eye," he said. "The snipe's bill is as hard and sharp as a gimlet."

"Wait till sunrise," advised Stan.

But Sparrow couldn't wait. He peeped again, taking elaborate precautions to open only a tiny hole. But it was big enough. A fat hop-toad wriggled out, hopped sleepily through the tent and escaped through the open end.

"Well, well!" shouted Bill King. "The Smithsonian Institution must hear of this. Sparrow Doon, the mighty hunter! Catch that toad quickly, Sparrow, or your thousand dollars is gone!"

We laughed until we cried. Sparrow stood there with the empty sack; then he started to cry, without laughing first. And that was the last of him around our camp. He went away right after breakfast, and he never came back.

away from listening ears or watching eyes.

When they were alone Lois said, "Will you answer me one question, Sally, and answer it honestly?"

"Why, I always answer honestly!" There was no boast in Sally's statement, only surprise that anyone could think she would do otherwise.

"Then you were not stretching the truth when you said that tale you told this morning was pure invention? You really made it all up out of your head, Sally?"

"Of course I did. Not a word of it was true."

"You can't be sure. Even if you honestly think it was pure invention it may not have been. Did you ever hear of—the subconscious mind, Sally?"

"No; what is it?"

"I'm not certain I can explain, but I heard our family doctor talking to my father and mother about it one night. He said that everybody has two minds, an undermind and an overmind. The overmind is our conscious,

## IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 7

WE must tell somebody about this!" Lois exclaimed at last, breaking the silence of blank amazement in which the two girls had contemplated the mutilated picture of Sally's great-great-grandmother.

"Yes, we must tell somebody but not everybody," Sally hastened to add.

For Sally knew who had done this thing. She knew it as certainly as if she had seen Larry Oliver standing there in the nighttime, while all the family were asleep upstairs, removing in some manner which she did not understand the emeralds and diamonds from the portrait of that eighteenth-century belle who was her ancestress. The boy's delicious mutterings were now explained. He had meant to take the jewels from the picture just as he had unconsciously admitted when the fever in his veins mounted to his brain and overcame his discretion, but why he was doing such a peculiar thing was still a mystery. Sally

liked Larry,—liked him very much indeed, —and she was not going to brand him as a vandal before the whole family until she understood his reasons.

"Whom will we tell then?" Lois asked her friend.

"We'll tell my father," Sally decided. "He isn't here now, but he said he would be home early this afternoon, as it is Saturday and his office closes at twelve. Until he comes home we'll just be patient and not tell a soul. I don't believe anybody is likely to notice that any jewels are missing, even if there should be occasion to look at the picture at all, which isn't probable. But above all things, Lois, we

mustn't let Larry guess that we suspect anything."

"That means that you suspect Larry!" Lois shot at her.

"Of course I do. I have to suspect him. Didn't I tell you—I'm sure I did—what he muttered in his delirium about coming here to get those jewels? Well, who else is there to suspect?"

"Me," suggested Lois.

Sally answered this as it deserved to be answered, with violence, and then, lest a scuffle in the parlor under the picture should attract the attention of some one and draw a witness into the room, the girls slipped out to the verandah to talk in a secluded corner

## The Picture Puzzle

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



everyday, working mind—the one that keeps us sane and normal and makes us get up and go to school every day and keeps tab on what we are doing; but the under, or subconscious, mind is different. It is the one that takes the impressions that make our memories, and, though we may seem to forget things, we never really forget anything we've ever done or thought or said or heard or seen in all our lives. It all stays there in a neat record in our subconscious mind, and it influences our thoughts every day of our lives. Now, Sally, didn't you ever hear something in your childhood—perhaps from your grandfather before he died—about that ancestress of yours in the portrait which may have been the seed around which you unconsciously formed that tale you told? Mightn't something you overheard him say have unconsciously suggested to you that this Colonial girl—what was her name, Sarah Janet?—was a Royalist agent at one time and brought some of the Queen of England's jewels across the ocean with her to finance some scheme to defend the Royalist cause in the Revolution?"

"If I ever heard my grandfather or anybody else say anything of that sort, I don't remember it," she vowed. "I mean, I don't remember it with my *top* mind. If my subconscious mind remembers it and influenced me in making up a story about my great-grandmother, I can't dispute it, because I don't know anything about it."

"But it could easily be so, Sally. And in that case the story you think you just imagined was an unconscious recollection," Lois insisted.

"Good gracious!" said Sally. It sounded so funny it made her feel a little dizzy.

"Let's say it is true," went on Lois. "Sarah Janet was an agent for the Royalists in the Colonies, and after a visit to London, during which she had her portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, she returned home with some splendid jewelry entrusted to her by the Queen of England to use in working against the Revolution. But she turned patriot and wouldn't work against her countrymen, and the wonderful jewels remained in her hands. She meant to return them to the queen some day but not while the war was going on, and so she kept them safe, waiting for peace to come again. But she died, and they passed into the care of her son Simon, who wouldn't give them back to the English royal family! And—and—"

"And Larry is the Prince of Wales, who has come over here to get them," Sally concluded solemnly.

"You needn't laugh. It is your story, Sally, not mine!"

"But you've made it yours. I may have thought it up to begin with, but I never pretended it was true."

"Just the same, it may have risen out of your subconscious mind from some memory of your *very* early childhood. And if it is true, what do you suppose Simon did with the jewels? Somehow, I don't believe he either sold them or gave them to the Confederacy. They may still be in this house."

"I used to think that I had lots of imagination, Lois, and that you didn't have much," Sally laughed, "but now it seems to be the other way around. So suppose you tell me what Simon did with the queen's jewels?"

"Hid them in the picture," Lois answered.

"How? What do you mean?"

"Well, maybe the gold picture frame he bought has a little hollow in it somewhere in which he concealed the jewels. Or maybe they are hidden under the canvas."

"You'll be saying next that they are hung on the picture itself," Sally jeered, "that the jewels that Sarah Janet wears in the portrait are real jewels and were never painted there at all. But I hope I'm not so blind and silly that I don't know a real jewel from a painted one! All that is foolishness, Lois."

"I didn't say the jewels were hung on the picture," Lois protested. "Of course that would be nonsense. A baby in arms could tell the difference between real jewels and painted ones. But there is no nonsense in suggesting that they may be hidden in the frame."

"And how would you explain the disappearance of the painted jewels from the portrait? Why are they being peeled off? For I reckon that is the way they are removed!" Lois knit her forehead as she tried to find an explanation. Then her eyes lighted.

"I know!" she cried. "Whoever is taking the real jewels is determined that the lady who stole them (excuse me for having to use that word, Sally, but it is the word the English royal family must use in considering what happened!)—that your ancestress, in short—shan't keep even the painted

semblance of them any longer. Probably that long-ago Queen Charlotte good-naturedly consented to Sarah Janet's having her picture painted with the jewels, but after she proved false and didn't do the work she promised to do for the English cause the queen and her successors vowed not only to get the real jewels back but to take the very painted ones off the picture."

"And is it Larry who is doing all this?" marveled Sally.

"It must be. Because, as you say, everything seems to point to him. He's the agent of the English government."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look or talk like an Englishman," Sally giggled. "He's the most perfect type of Yankee that ever I met. To connect him with the British government seems like nature-faking."

**B**ECAUSE of the family reunion Judge Orme came home early enough that afternoon to preside at the midday dinner, but the girls did not find it so easy to get him off to themselves and tell him about the mutilated picture. And the worst part of it was that everybody congregated in the parlor after the heavy meal, and the room became noisy with masculine laughter and talk. The ladies were there, too, but they let the men carry on the general conversation while they sat in corners and whispered.

"Sally, what is the matter with you?" the Judge asked in some annoyance as his youngest daughter kept pulling at his arm and begging him to come out of the room. "I'm much too comfortable to move."

"We want to tell you something, daddy," Sally pleaded in a whisper. "It's very strange and peculiar and important."

"Strange and peculiar and important?" the Judge repeated, right out loud. "That sounds interesting, but must it be told in private? Can't these others hear too?"

Larry Oliver and all the other men were looking at Sally in amusement, attracted by the Judge's unconsidered words, and Sally

"I happen to know exactly," he answered promptly. "Two on each arm."

"There are none on the right arm now," Sally told him calmly. "And all the rings are gone from the left hand."

"You mean they've been scraped off? Is there a scar?"

"No scar at all. The arm must have been painted first, then the jewels over it, and now the jewels are peeled off the flesh shows again without an ornament. It fairly made me dizzy when I first noticed it."

"I think you must be dizzy now," her father laughed. "But I'll step back into the parlor, take a look at the portrait in a casual way, and join you again."

He returned in a few moments with a puzzled expression on his face.

"You are right about those bracelets being gone, girls," he admitted, standing by the side of the swing where they sat. "I can't understand it, but it certainly seems to be so."

"Who do you think can be responsible, Judge?" asked Lois.

"Why, who else but that young stranger we have here who calls himself Larry Oliver! But why on earth would he do a thing of that sort? There's no sense in it!"

"You remember that he said in his delirium that he was going to get the jewels off the picture?" Sally reminded her father.

"I remember, but I still don't understand why unless he is mutilating the portrait out of—well, call it revenge, for your grandmother's bullet!" The Judge was frankly dazed.

"Not revenge for that, Judge, but perhaps revenge just the same," Lois hastily put in. "Sally and I have a theory, if you'll let us explain it to you."

At their request he sat down in the swing opposite them, and first Sally told the story she had "imagined" the night before to fit the mysteries, and then Lois explained why she thought that it might not be a pure invention after all but a subconscious recol-

of advance payment for what she was pledged to do, and the subsequent royal wrath and determination that the jewels should come off the picture because she didn't carry out her part of the bargain, is a clever little touch. But unfortunately it can't be true in this case."

"But why not, Judge?" asked Lois.

"Because Sally could not have any such subconscious recollections without my having them too," the Judge laughed, "and I'm quite sure I never heard of my great-grandmother being a Royalist agent before the Revolution or of bringing jewels to America with her for any reason whatever. Sally just made all that up without any help from a subconscious memory. However, it is certain that the painted jewels on the portrait are being removed, and I'm much puzzled about it."

"If you don't look out, Judge Orme, you may lose something more valuable than painted jewels," Lois warned him. "I think you ought to examine that portrait and its heavy gold frame for the real jewels."

But he only smiled at that, got up from the swing and strolled back to the house.

"I'm afraid your father is not going to do a thing about this matter," Lois said to Sally as they started the swing to swaying, meaning to stay where they were for a while. "He's like my father. My father thinks a thing over so long that before he decides to act it is apt to be too late."

"Well, we've done all we can," Sally reminded her. "It is a queer little mystery which we may never clear up. I know that if Larry Oliver goes away from here without explaining himself we never will. Oh, here comes Isabel! She didn't go to the matinee after all."

"Hello, Sally, I've brought you something!" she exclaimed with a smile and sat down in the swing and opened a bundle she carried. Out of it she shook a sweater—a dull-brown, machine-knit affair which evidently had not cost her very much. "I want to swap it for the gold sweater Grandma knitted for you," the elder sister went on. "I happen to need one of that shade, and I can't find any in town under twenty-five dollars. You'll do it, won't you?"

Though Sally's heart sank, she didn't let it show in her face.

"Why, all right, Issy, you may have the gold one if you want it," she agreed as cheerfully as she could.

"That's a good girl! But really, Sally, this brown sweater is nice and warm even if it isn't very pretty, and you know it doesn't make much difference what you wear. The gold one wouldn't become you any better than this one will."

Sally winced. Isabel didn't mean to be unkind, but it surely was tactless to call her sister "plain" to her face like that! However, the family was always hurting Sally that way without realizing it. She took it so well and laughed so easily at every reference to her lack of beauty that even her own parents didn't know she cared.

**W**HEN Isabel had gone on to the house, Lois spoke her mind to her chum.

"Sally, you let people impose on you perfectly scandalously!" she cried indignantly. "You are a regular doormat!"

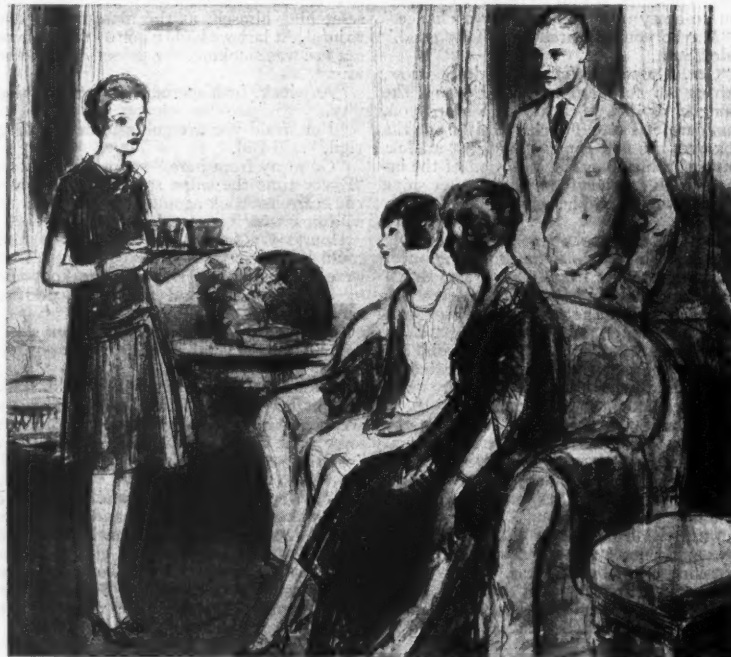
Sally grinned. "No, I'm not a doormat, Lois. I can show plenty of fight when it is worth while, but usually it isn't. And I'd honestly rather Issy would have the gold. It will show off so much better on her!"

Well, that was Sally, and one couldn't dispute with her! But all the rest of that day and throughout the long evening Lois took note of how often Sally was called on to give up her comfort for some one else's and how pleasantly she did so, and yet how little of the prig there was about her. Nor was Lois the only one who noted it. Larry Oliver often looked at Sally with thoughtful eyes and wondered if the Orme family realized what a fine little lady they had growing up among them?

If Larry stole frequent glances at Sally, she was regarding him just as closely and with a world of wonder in her mind concerning him. What was he contemplating? What was the mystery that surrounded him? Who was he, and why had he sought this house? Would his next move come soon?

It did. Sunday morning when Lois and Sally came downstairs they went straight into the parlor before breakfast and stood transfixed at what they saw. The girl in the picture had been stripped of every jewel! The necklace, earrings, rings, bracelets, and tiara from her hair were all gone. Not a jewel was upon her anywhere.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



Larry Oliver often looked at Sally with thoughtful eyes and wondered if the Orme family ever realized what a fine little lady they had growing up among them

really felt like crying in her dismay. Why did her father have to repeat what she had said to him in such a loud voice that everybody could overhear?

Seeing that she was seriously disturbed over something, the Judge laughed and rose to his feet, saying he would go outside in the hall and hear the secret. But the hall was not far enough for the two girls when the door was open, and everyone was listening. Sally and Lois carried the Judge clear out into the yard to the big red chair-swing down by the paling fence before they told him their news.

"Daddy, somebody is mutilating our Reynolds picture," Sally said as soon as she got him out of earshot of the house. "The jewels are being taken off of it. Two bracelets and several rings are missing."

"Why, that's nonsense, honey!" said the Judge.

"Did you ever notice, Judge Orme, how many bracelets the girl in the picture used to wear?" Lois put it questioningly.

lection of Sally's—that, in short, the Colonial belle really had brought royal jewels with her to America, after having her picture painted in them in London, and that Larry Oliver was a secret agent of the British government who had come here to secure the real jewels and to remove the painted ones from the portrait because the girl had played England false and not worked for the Royalist cause as she had promised.

"What do you think of the idea, Father?" Sally asked eagerly when Lois had finished.

"Why, I think it very neat," her father admitted. "It does credit to your powers of invention and might be used as a movie scenario. Yes, the disappearance of jewels from the painted picture of a long-ago belle in reprisal for some act of treason she had committed in connection with the use of the jewels would make a very lively mystery in the movies. And the queen's permitting the girl to be painted in the royal gems as a sort



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Published by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H.  
Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

### FACT AND COMMENT

WE have heard a great deal about the President's "ten-gallon" hat this summer, but no one believes he is wearing it because his head has expanded to such a degree that it requires a covering of that capacity to contain it.

IN ENGLAND they have put up a monument to William Willett, the man who originated the idea of "daylight saving." There are a good many communities in the United States where it would be hard to raise a dollar for such a purpose; but England is a land of cities and factory towns, and in such places daylight saving is and always will be popular.

A LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR, named Dorothy Johnson, who comes from Honolulu, is astonishing musicians in Chicago by playing the piano compositions of Bach and Beethoven with accuracy and skill. The child has had little instruction and "picks up" these difficult pieces merely from hearing them played. It is a curious fact that child prodigies are far more common in music than in any other of the arts; perhaps because music is the most elemental of them all.

### WHAT ABOUT FLYING?

HAS flying a future? Boys all over the country, attracted by a career that promises to be so novel and so adventurous, are asking this question, and their parents are as deeply interested as the boys themselves.

In the enthusiasm that has followed the remarkable transoceanic flights of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, Maitland and Hegenberger nothing has seemed impossible. We hear of magnificent plans for companies that are hoping to establish regular transportation routes by air. Yet we must not forget that Lindbergh is the only North Atlantic flyer of the year who got exactly where he wanted to go, and that Nungesser and Gali, Wooster and Davis, have died recently in the attempt to perform the same feat. The New York Times of July 7 reported five fatalities among flyers in one day.

Two first-rate authorities differ surprisingly in their estimates of the future of flying. The first is Mr. Earl N. Findley, formerly captain in the United States Army Air Service and now editor of the U. S. Air Services Magazine. He writes: "Airplane manufacturers are making money and paying dividends. The principal manufacturer of lighter-than-air equipment (dirigibles) has bought the Zeppelin patents and hired the principal men of the old Zeppelin company of Germany, who are now in Akron, working twenty-four hours a day to put America first in lighter-than-air."

"The manufacturers of the Whirlwind and other air-cooled engines," continues Mr. Findley, "last year made a net profit of \$700,000.00. All accessory manufacturers of good standing are making money, including the manufacturers of the compass which took Lindbergh over and of the other instruments on his airplane. A young man must, of course, have first-rate ability to get a position with any of these companies; they have many more applications than they can accept, and they are becoming very particular. The Army and Navy accept recruits in small numbers, but the requirements are very high, physically and mentally."

"About one thousand pilots have served in the Air Mail. Since it was instituted in 1918 to the present time, there have been thirty-one fatal crashes, thirty-one pilots and nine employees who accompanied pilots on flights killed; average miles flown for each fatality, 311,298. It should be observed that in 1925 only two pilots were killed, and the same number in 1926, so the average number of miles flown for each fatality last year was 1,273,996."

"Most of the passenger lines in Europe are subsidized by the governments; travelers tell me that the European air lines are crowded night and day. An ambitious boy of a strongly mechanical turn of mind might well consider aviation as a career."

So much for the testimony of Mr. Findley. Another expert, in very grave disagreement with him, is an Englishman who, under the name of "Neon," has just published a book called "The Great Delusion." This writer thinks that flying, whether in dirigibles or airplanes, will always be too uncertain and too costly to be commercially successful. A dirigible can lift only an insignificant weight in comparison with its bulk, and the money it can earn as a carrier must always be but a small return on its cost of several million dollars. Airplanes are safer and less costly, but "Neon" thinks that they can never be made large enough to carry freight or passengers in real competition with steamships and railway trains. He points out that air routes have never been really successful except with the aid of government subsidies (paid, of course, by the taxpayers, whether they avail themselves of the air lines or not), and he estimates the cost of carrying a passenger one mile at eighty cents. A single steamship or a modern railway freight train will transport as much freight as a thousand airplanes, and at far less expense for fuel and crews.

We may add to this debate, from The Companion's own point of view, our belief that the greatest immediate opportunity in aviation is for the skilled mechanic and the inventor. There must be better and more dependable compasses, together with instruments that will accurately measure the drift of the plane in the air caused by the wind. There must be far greater knowledge of the air currents. Larger and better-equipped landing fields must somehow be constructed and safely anchored in mid-ocean along the traffic "lanes." More progress must be made in wireless communication between the plane and the land, so that the pilot will know his position in any weather and will not hopelessly circle around his destination, as did Commander Byrd.

Technically and experimentally, long-distance flying has proved itself possible under favorable conditions. We have no doubt that man's ingenuity will eventually make it reasonably safe and reliable under almost all conditions, although fatalities can never be entirely avoided in any kind of transportation. But the economic problem is the one that will determine the future of aviation. If it cannot be made to pay as a business, men will not engage in it. Airplanes will always be used in war, for no nation can neglect a useful weapon or means of reconnaissance, even though it is costly in life. Flying will always attract young men of an adventurous disposition, and there will always be people who will value the speed of travel and the novelty of sensation offered by the airplane or the airship. The next decade will doubtless determine whether flying can be made safe, so reliable and so comfortable that it will be commercially profitable. We do not know what the answer will be. We must wait and see.

### "REALISM"

WE have often wondered at the pervasiveness that leads those writers of fiction who proudly proclaim themselves "realists" to occupy themselves with the unattractive and discreditable side of human nature, as if sordidness and selfishness and vice were the only "real" things in life. Against the grim and sordid picture of society that such a writer as Zola portrays, we like to put those remarkable stories of devotion and family virtue that are published every year when the French award the famous Montyon prizes to the young persons who have distinguished themselves by lives of unselfish helpfulness and patient courage in circumstances of unusual difficulty. Those stories are quite as real as the police records through which Zola nosed his way in search of the grimy and nauseating details that he loved to use; quite as real and

far more normal. We have our own gloomy "realists" on this side of the water too, preoccupied, when they write, with crime and human weakness, and scornful of the "sentimentality" of an elder generation of story-tellers, who dared to present characters that practiced the old-fashioned virtues of love and devotion, and who obeyed the call of duty even when it meant sacrifice of self. Such people, we are told, exist only in the romantic imaginations of the novelists who write fairy tales, not true transcripts of life.

But life itself is constantly offering us proof of the objective reality of virtue as well as of vice. Only the other day we read in the newspapers the story of a boy who had got a prize as one of the most highly deserving pupils in the New York schools. He was one of a family of nine children; his father was an invalid unable to work; but the father's brother, a man with responsibilities of his own, had undertaken the support of this second family, had carried them along and seen to it that the youngsters were educated, clothed, fed and maintained in the self-respect that often breaks down when poverty and misfortune conspire to reduce a family to the bottom of the ladder.

This man, a poor man himself, felt that "self-expression" and "care for number one" were less important than the love of kindred and the succor of the unfortunate. There are thousands—yes, millions—of silent inconspicuous men and women like him. The reality of their lives and their emotions is just as great as that of those unfortunates whose stubborn selfishness or debilitated moral fibre recommends them as heroes and heroines to the professed "realists" of modern fiction. More, they represent humanity as it ought to be, and as it is when it is mentally healthy and morally sound. The Victorian novelists knew that; that is why they will outlast the shorter-sighted story-tellers of a later day.

## THIS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

### GUNMEN KILL A STATESMAN

FRIENDS of the Irish people were shocked by the news of the assassination of Kevin O'Higgins, who was Minister of Justice in the Free State government, and one of the ablest and strongest men in Irish public life. He was shot down on his way to mass by three gunmen, who made their escape in an automobile. Though the identity of the murderers, and consequently the motive of their crime, is not established, it is undoubtedly true that the murder was political in character, the outgrowth of the angry hostility that still divides the supporters of the Irish Free State from the advocates of a republic that shall have no slightest political connection with Great Britain.

### ENGLISH TELEPHONES

EVERY American who has been abroad knows how inferior all the European telephone systems are to our own. A London newspaper, the Daily Express, after making that admission, has challenged the British government—which operates the telephones—to put the service into the hands of the Express, promising to improve it immediately and progressively and to increase the present profits, which are small, at least five times. It is hardly likely that the government will consent to this unusual proposal, but it is certain that a well-managed private company would provide Great Britain with a telephone service far more enterprising and efficient than that which the slow-moving British post office gives the country.

### THE EMBATTLED FARMERS

WHATEVER effect Mr. Coolidge's summer in the West may have upon his personal popularity, and however skillfully he may draw the compromise farm-relief bill which rumor says his friends will present to the next Congress, there is still a very numerous party among the Western farmers that is committed as strongly as ever to the general principles of the McNary-Haugen bill. The recent Northwestern agricultural conference that met at St. Paul was almost a unit in favor of that kind of legislation, and several speakers intimated that, if the Republicans—including the President—failed to enact a satisfactory bill, there would arise an irresistible movement for a party that might carry on an independent campaign or else unite with the Democrats on a platform of

lower tariff rates and financial relief to the grain-growers. It will be interesting to see what sort of legislation Mr. Coolidge will recommend as a result of all the thought he is giving to this important subject.

### JAPAN AND CHINA

A NEW complication is introduced into the Chinese situation by the act of Japan in hurrying thousands of troops into the Shantung Peninsula. Japan, it will be remembered, actually occupied Shantung for several years during and just after the war, and, though it eventually surrendered control to China, Japanese commercial interests are still very large there. The Japanese government does not mean to take any chances with regard to those interests, and, as the Nationalists advance toward Shantung, Japanese troops are being poured into the peninsula to protect Japanese warehouses and factories from the danger of looting and destruction. This makes the Nationalists very angry; for they say—and no doubt believe—that it is all part of a Japanese plot to get possession of Shantung again. There has not as yet been any collision between Chinese and Japanese troops, but the possibility of a clash exists, and if it comes it might lead to a sensational change in the character of the fighting in China and in the issues that are at stake there.

### BYRD THE EXPLORER

COMMANDER BYRD is an enthusiast not only in aviation but in exploration. He is now planning eagerly for a succession of flights by means of which he hopes to add greatly to the geographical knowledge of the world. For one thing, he means to fly to the South Pole as he has already visited the North Pole and to do as much exploration of the great Antarctic ice continent from the air as he finds possible. Then he plans a voyage over the trackless equatorial forests of Brazil, and also one over the deserts of interior Arabia, about which little is now known. Whether these flights would contribute anything that could be called exact knowledge of these inaccessible parts of the earth's surface is uncertain; but they would be stirring bits of adventure and would at least tell us more about the general topographical conditions than we now know.

## MISCELLANY

### Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

August 11, 1807.

The First Steamboat Journey

AGAINST the Hudson's tide where Storm King towers  
The Clermont plowed, uplifting smoke to heaven;  
And fifty leagues in three-and-thirty hours  
Was traveling pretty fast in eighteen-seven.  
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

### A LITTLE STUDY IN DISCOURAGEMENT

The Companion's Religious Article

THE minister's caller looked at him with eyes half embarrassed and half defiant. "I'm ashamed to bother you, Doctor Morse, about such a little thing,—or what ought to be such a little thing,—but that's exactly the trouble; it isn't little to me—it's so big that it shuts out everything else. And when you read the eleventh of Hebrews, yesterday, it was just the last straw. I couldn't stand it to have the eleventh of Hebrews hurled at me just now!"

"But what is the matter with the eleventh of Hebrews, Mrs. Ross?" the minister inquired.

"It isn't like real life—that's what's the matter with it. If anybody in the Bible ever got discouraged,—plain downright discouraged,—then it might be some comfort." The minister's big laugh rang out. "If—



my dear Mrs. Ross, is it possible that you don't know your Bible?"

"I supposed I did, pretty well."

"Well, there was a man named Abraham—mentioned in your eleventh of Hebrews, by the way. He got very much discouraged once because God was so long in keeping his word. So, after he had waited what he thought a sufficient number of years, he took matters into his own hands and tangled things up pretty badly."

Mrs. Ross made no reply. Her pastor, after a glance at her, went on reminiscently.

"There was another man—one Moses. He got discouraged because his work was too much for him. Somebody with common sense came along and told him that the trouble was that he was trying to do work that wasn't his. Then there was a certain prophet who wrought a tremendous miracle and after it wondered what was the use of living. The trouble with him was that he was exhausted—mentally, physically and spiritually. God made him sleep and gave him a good meal before he took up the question of his life with him. There was another prophet who got discouraged because the times were so terrible and evil seemed triumphant in the world; and there was a man centuries later who got discouraged because evil seemed so triumphant in him, and the things that he would do he didn't and the things that his real self didn't want he was perpetually doing. I don't know whether any of these cases touch yours, but if not there are several others."

Mrs. Ross was on her feet. The defiance was gone from her eyes; there was even a glint of humor in them.

"I give up," she acknowledged. "And there were more too. I'll never say again that the Bible isn't human."

#### SIGNIFICANCE OF PAIN IN THE ABDOMEN

*The Companion's Medical Article*

**PAIN** is one of the most common symptoms of disease within the abdominal cavity. If there were no trouble of any kind with any of the organs contained therein, there would be no pain; yet the absence of pain is no guarantee of the soundness of all the abdominal contents, nor is the presence of pain always a sign of disease. The causes of colic or acute pain in the abdomen are manifold, but they usually can be determined by the seat and character of the pain.

Simple colic, or stomach ache, is so common, especially in children, that it is usually regarded with indifference as being a mere temporary discomfort, and so it may be; but any pain in the abdomen that lasts for more than a few hours or that is of great severity, especially in an adult, should receive respectful consideration. If it does not yield to the ordinary domestic remedies, such as a mustard plaster or a hot turpentine stupe on the abdomen, or peppermint tea, or a few drops of turpentine on a lump of sugar, no time should be lost in calling a physician.

The location of the pain is often an indication of its cause, but the doctor has always to bear in mind the possibility of "referred" pain—that is to say, of a pain felt in one part caused by trouble in an entirely different part. Thus the attacks of pain often experienced in locomotor ataxia or in Pott's disease of the spine point to no abdominal trouble, and again in heart disease or even in pneumonia pain may not be felt in the chest, but is referred to some part of the abdomen. Among the most puzzling of the referred pains is that caused by eyestrain.

When the stomach is the seat of trouble the pain is usually in the upper zone; the spleen and the liver may also be at fault. Pain in the middle zone points more or less distinctly to trouble in the small intestine, to the passage of a gallstone (just above the center and a little to the right) or of kidney stones (on the right or left side just below the ribs), disease of the pancreas, and ulcer of the intestine or, sometimes, the stomach.

Pain in the lower zone may indicate inflammation of the large intestine or the bladder, strangulated hernia, appendicitis, or disease of some of the pelvic organs. Tenderness on pressure is a rather deceptive sign. It may denote a chronic localized inflammation of some organ in the region pressed upon, or it may be of no special significance.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

**W**HEN one of the wild tribes of Central Africa first encountered white explorers, the women fled and the men trembled and peered at them from behind trees. They

could not believe that these dreadful beings, with their pallid, deathlike skins, were living like themselves. They took them for ghosts. Next to their complexions, there was another thing about them repellent and peculiar: their noses, which appeared to be put on wrong! With no broad, handsome and sufficient base, those unpleasing features rose up narrow and wedge-like, and much too far. One chief, accompanied by one of the sharp-muzzled curs of the village, once pointed out with interest to Stanley, who happened to have his bulldog with him, the curious fact that the African's nose resembled that of the English dog, while the African dog's nose was like that of the Englishman.

Recently a Thibetan lady, the wife of an Englishman, has written a book. It is to be hoped her husband has a snub nose, for she does not admire the other varieties more generally characteristic of the race.

"The average European," she says frankly, "is not good-looking, according to our ideas. We consider your noses too big; often they stick out like kettle-spouts; your ears are too large, like pigs' ears; your eyes, blue, like children's marbles; your eye-sockets are too deep and eye-brows too prominent, too like monkeys'."

Neither does she like a good many of our supposedly civilized habits.

"We do not, like you," she remarks disapprovingly, "eat the smaller creatures. With us, one life is taken, and many people are fed; with you, often enough a life or more to a mouthful, perhaps a hundred or more lives to an ordinary dinner party—little creatures of all kinds, animals, birds, fishes, crustaceans. You cook some creature alive, and some are even eaten alive—I have seen you do it."

Prejudice apart, it must be admitted that raw oysters and live lobsters have a distinctly barbaric sound—but they certainly taste good!

#### WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

1. What is wampum?
2. Of what is brass composed?
3. Who said, "The American people like to be humbugged"?
4. What railroad is called the "Big Four"?
5. What composers wrote the two marches most commonly used at weddings?
6. Whom did Anne Hathaway marry?
7. What, in sailing, is meant by the star-board tack?
8. What is the width of the standard railroad track (within six inches)?
9. What are the "three R's"?
10. How is a steel tool tempered?
11. What have the following in common: Francis Parkman, Edward Gibbon, Thomas B. Macaulay, Guizot?
12. Who wrote the Book of Revelations in the Bible?
13. What king of England was succeeded by three of his children in turn?
14. Who was the "Swedish nightingale"?
15. Of what country is the Dail Eireann the legislative assembly?
16. Who wrote the poem beginning "O Captain, my Captain, our fearful trip is done"?
17. When it is noon in New York what time is it (a) in London, (b) in San Francisco?
18. What is a gerrymander?
19. What Englishman did the Puritans find already in residence on what is now Boston Common?
20. With what metallic salt are photographic films and plates usually coated to make them sensitive to light?

(Answers to these questions, are on page 547)

#### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

**N**OT for children, because of the Broadway characters introduced and the sophistication of some of the scenes, is First National's picture, "The Prince of Headwaiters." But adult picture-goers who admire Lewis Stone, for his finished skill in character delineation and his delicacy of interpretation, will find him in his rôle of *maitre d'hôtel* thoroughly engaging.

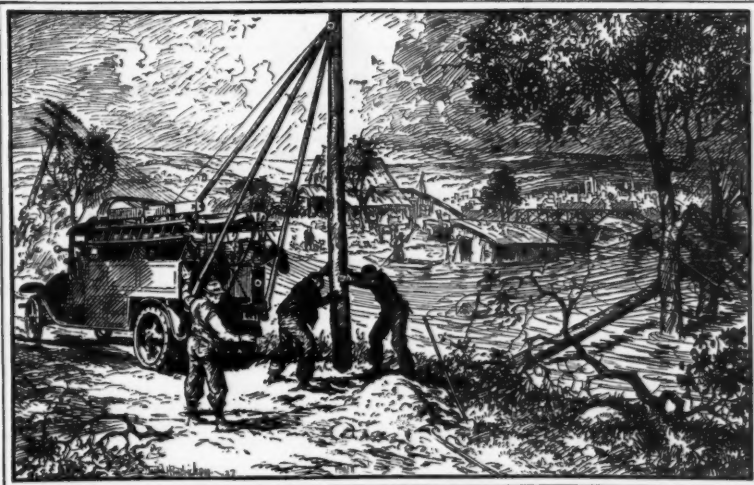
Other pictures recommended this week are:

#### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**The Heart of Maryland**—Warner Bros.  
David Belasco's melodrama of Civil War days, so popular among theater-goers of a generation ago. Dolores Costello, Warner Richmond, Jason Robards

**Fast and Furious**—Universal  
A speed maniac is so badly injured in an auto accident that he develops a hatred for automobiles, which, in turn, is dispelled by love. Reginald Denny

**Annie Laurie**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
The feuds between the Scottish clans and the massacre of Glencoe vividly narrated through the medium of a romantic love story. Lillian Gish, Norman Kerry



## All for One

*An Advertisement of  
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



A SLEET storm descends, carrying down trees and wires. A wind turns outlaw and blows down a pole line. Or some swollen river rampages through a circuit of destruction.

But wherever angry nature attacks the Bell Telephone System there are repairmen trained to meet the emergency, and everywhere trained in the same schools to the use of the same efficient tools. Supplies of surplus equipment and materials are kept at strategic points whence they may be rushed by train or truck to the devastated area.

Throughout the Bell System,

all construction and practice are standard, so that men and supplies, when

necessary, may be sent from one state or company to another.

There are twenty-five Bell Companies, but only one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

## Russell Jennings Bits

These Bits, both the Expansive Bits and the regular line of auger bits, have withstood the severe tests of the Y. C. Lab, and have won the Lab's unqualified endorsement (see Y. C. Lab Approval Seal below).

Every member of the Y. C. Lab and everyone else who needs tools must have Bits. Profit by the Lab's tests, and buy Russell Jennings Bits—standard for 75 years.

Ask for them by name at leading hardware stores

THE RUSSELL JENNINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
CHESTER, CONN.



## The Hayes Method for HAY-FEVER

Enables sufferers to stay at home and attend to their daily duties with progressive relief and comfort—catarrhal symptoms steadily modified, itching and congestion subdued, cough abated, Asthma controlled and general health steadily built up. Many cases report absolute freedom from the disease year after year. Physicians all over the world refer their Hay-Fever and Asthma patients to us for treatment. Full investigation solicited. For information and blank for free examination address P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y., asking especially for Bulletin Y-276. Start treatment now, even if the attacks are well advanced. You will never regret it.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

## 89th Weekly \$5 Award

**MEMBER WILLIAM E. ATWOOD** (16) of Riverside, Calif., refers to the project pictured in this column as his "latest and greatest."

This is a true characterization, for Member Atwood has constructed a glider with a 20-ft. wing spread with which he has been able to make many satisfactory flights. "It is real sport learning to fly with it," Member Atwood tells us, "and I think that the knowledge I have gained with it along the lines of aviation is equal to the time and money that it cost to make it. The description is as follows:

"The wing spars are made of Oregon pine, as I was unable to get spruce as long as that; all the rest is made from spruce and bass wood. The wings are 20 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, with 21 ribs in each, and are covered on the upper side with unbleached muslin which is doped with airplane dope. The wings have a 4-ft. gap and are held apart by 12 struts and guyed by piano wire. The tail surfaces are mounted on two beams, which extend 7 ft. from the rear of the wings and are also guyed by piano wire. The cockpit is composed of two arm pieces that my shoulders rest on, and by shifting my weight stability is maintained. The plans that I had did not call for ailerons, but I put them on, thinking it would be easier to control the plane. It took me a month of steady working to build it."

Most Members will agree that Member Atwood is a skilled constructor to have succeeded in building a glider in so short a time as this. Such a project should never be considered by a boy unless he has full and cheerful permission from his parents, and from all others who are responsible for him.



## The "Dual Advantage" of Membership

LIKE Colonel Lindbergh, the Lab has been giving a good deal of its time lately to the conquest of the air. A month ago the Membership received the article by Mr. Samuel F. Perkins on Kites and Kite-flying with remarkable acclaim. This week once again we give you an essentially aeronautical page. The two windmills here illustrated and described will be found construction projects easily within the reach of all Members. The materials and the tools are simple, the drawings so well detailed that the seasoned constructor can polish his projects off almost in the twinkling of an eye, and the less experienced will have small difficulty. We direct your attention likewise to the fine achievement of Member Atwood in the construction of a glider of 20-ft. wing spread.

The combination of these two projects and the award is well illustrative of the dual function of the Lab—to suggest work for its Members and to reward work done spontaneously. The Lab had nothing to do with Member Atwood's glider, but it is proud to give him recognition. And experience has shown that, from coast to coast, within the next sixty days the vane of Cape Cod and bird windmills will spin lightly in the breezes.

The Lab invites you, if you have not yet taken the one simple step, to clip the coupon below and to find out more of the dual advantage which membership in the Lab offers to every boy wherever he may be.

## ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature . . . . .

Address . . . . .

8-11 . . . . .

## The Secretary's Notes

FROM Associate Member Myron E. Potter, Jr. (14), of 1 Dean Ave., Warehouse Point, Connecticut, who is interested in collecting ancient and foreign relics, comes the suggestion that he would like to correspond with other boys sharing this hobby.

Member Potter would like to hear from 15- or 16-year-old residents of China, Japan, India or Egypt, who can communicate with him in English.

The exchange of letters, ideas and projects is one of the most valuable features of the Y. C. Lab and one which the Director is anxious to foster.



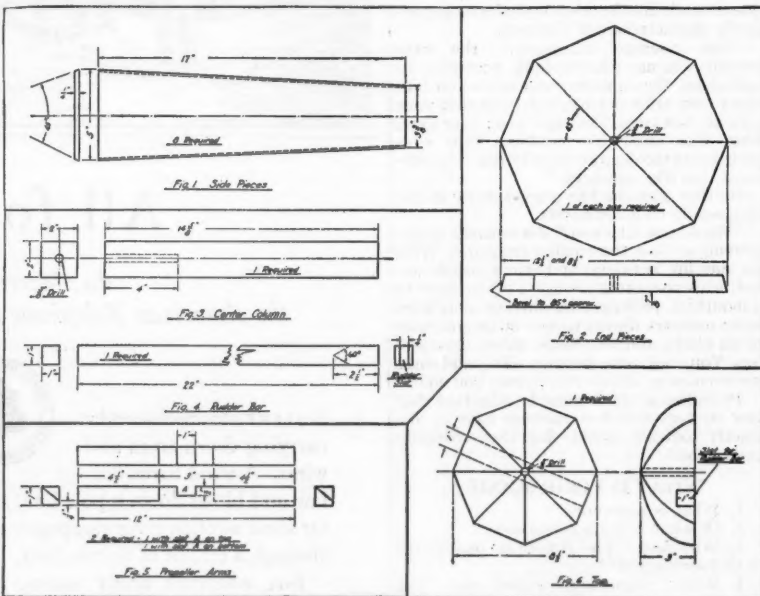
To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

THE Y. C. LAB  
The World-wide Society for Ingenious BoysNOW WE MAKE  
WINDMILLS

This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

The Lab completes two projects of exceptional interest to the junior constructor

By HARRY I. SHUMWAY, GOVERNOR, Y. C. LAB



WINDMILLS seem to retain their popularity from year to year; every season sees some new designs. The roadside shops fairly shout with their gay hundreds of busy little mills. The Y. C. Lab has made several, one for the top of its building and another one for a garden. Even the big one—a "Cape Cod" windmill—is not difficult to build, merely requiring some fussy fitting on the eight sides. Simple tools like plane, saw, hammer and chisel are sufficient to make it. The careful detail drawings of Councilor Townsend, reproduced on

faculty as getting the sides too small, and thus producing cracks, by making them over-size and then planing to the best fit possible. One side is nailed on with brads and the next side fitted to it. This is better than cutting all the sides first and then finding them too small. The sides of the side pieces must take the correct bevel, as illustrated in Fig. 1. The stationary cap to the mill is of 3/4-in. stock and an octagon of dimensions as shown in Fig. 7. The revolving top (Fig. 6) is made of 3-in. white pine, round at the top and worked into an octagon 4 1/2 in. in diameter at the bottom. The bar of the vane is set into the bottom of this revolving top flush. It is 1 in. square and 22 in. long. It is placed so the center of the top comes 6 1/2 in. from the end of it. Dig the channel for this with a chisel. The fitting must be careful and the lines

(Continued on page 545)

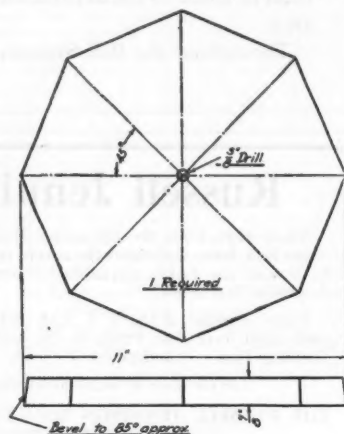


Fig. 7. Roof Covering.

this page, will make the construction simple and easy, if you follow them closely.

## The Cape Cod Windmill

This is of octagonal, or eight-sided, design. The base (outside) measures 12 1/2 in. across opposite corners. The height of the sides is 17 in.

The first thing to be made is a form on which to nail the eight sides. This is made of a 2-in. square post with top and bottom of 3/4-in. stock. The sides are 3/4 in. smaller all around than the finished building, which is 12 in. in inside diameter at the bottom and 8 in. at the top. These platforms should be beveled to take the correct slant. See Fig. 2.

It is a little difficult to make octagons exactly perfect. We overcame any such dif-

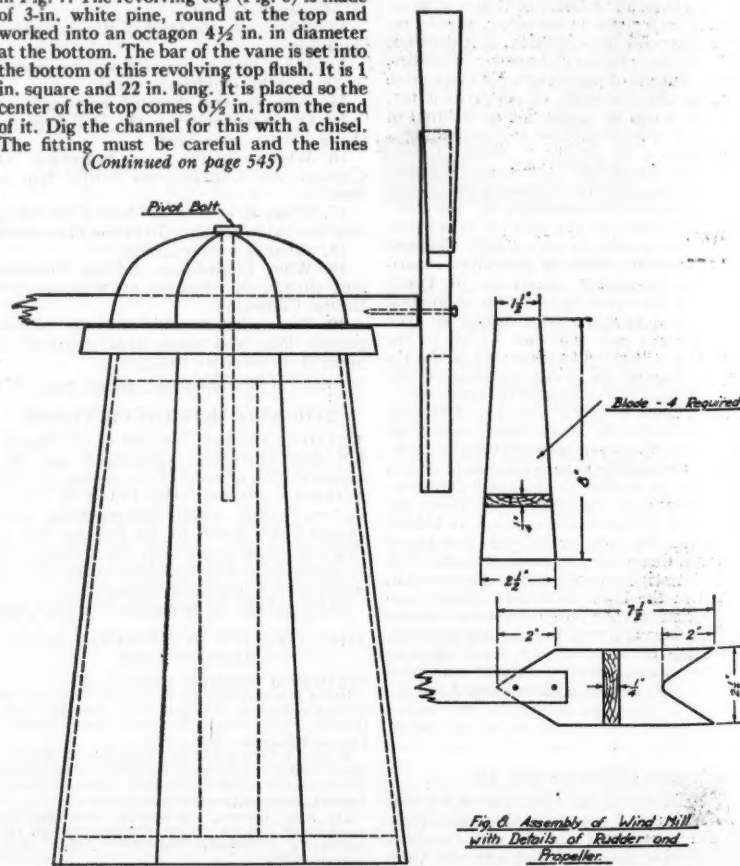


Fig. 8. Assembly of Wind Mill with Details of Rudder and Propeller.

## Questions and Answers

Q.—Can you tell me where I can sell an old U. S. penny? It was made in 1802. Associate Member Earle Hale, R. F. D. 1, Manlius, N. Y.

A.—by Councilor Ranlett: Your old U. S. penny that was minted in 1802 has a value of from 5 cents to \$2, the exact price depending upon the condition of the coin. This information comes from William Hesslein, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., P. O. Box 1765, who buys old coins. If you want to get a definite offer from him, you can send your coin to him by mail with a letter stating that you would like to sell it. Be sure to send return postage when you send the coin. Do not clean the coin or try to brighten it up at all. It may have more value just as it is than it would if cleaned.

Q.—Our home is supplied with electricity of 220 volt 60-cycle a. c. Can you advise me how I can transform this voltage into 6 to 10 volt d. c.? I want to use it to run my Erector motor, also to rig up an electric railway. I have a sewing-machine motor which operates on the house current; could an old magneto be made over into a dynamo to supply current for my low-voltage motor? Associate Member Arthur Brubaker, R. R. 2, West Alexandria, Ohio.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: It is not feasible to convert 60-cycle house lighting current into direct current at low voltage, for the purpose of running toy motors, vacuum tubes, etc., as the cost is prohibitive for the necessary equipment when currents of more than a few thousandths of an ampere are required.

A toy transformer, transforming the 200 volt current to 6 or 10 volts can be purchased, or can be made by following the directions given in practically all of the electrical books for boys. Such a transformer would supply your toy motor satisfactorily. The motor will not operate quite as efficiently on the alternating current as it would on direct current, but it will operate very well for the purposes for which you would use it.

The old magneto could be made over into a small generator, but it would develop very little power, probably not enough to drive a toy train. It would be necessary to rewind the armature of the magneto with larger wire than is used at present, which would be quite a lot of work.

Q.—1. What is the advantage of a loop aerial? 2. What size wire is used? 3. What should be the capacity of the condenser, variable or fixed, to use with a four-foot drop, and also what should be the turns of wire to use? Associate Member V. F. McKelvey, Placerville, Calif.

A.—by Councilor Ranlett: The advantage of a loop antenna is that it allows you to tune out interfering stations with ease, and that it does away with some of the static. The disadvantage is that it reduces the strength of the received signals unless you use a very sensitive set, such as a super-heterodyne. Insulated wire size 18 to 24 is good for a loop. Six turns is right for a four-foot loop.



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SEND 10 cents in stamps for The Denison Soap and Sealing Wax packet containing full instructions on this new and interesting method of modeling and coloring soap. It includes patterns for tracing, guides for coloring, catalogue of colors and reproductions of finished models in color.

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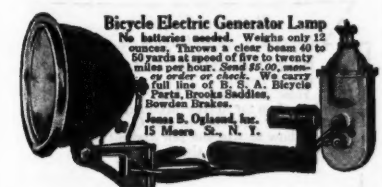
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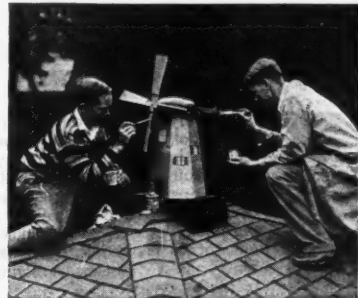
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## THE Y. C. LAB—Continued

made straight. The top revolves on a 10-in. bolt  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter. Set this bolt into the top exactly plumb; drill the hole slightly smaller so as to get a tight fit. Another hole



Members Sawyer and O'Connell at work on the roof of the Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass., setting up the Cape Cod windmill

large enough to permit the bolt to revolve freely is bored down through the stationary cap and post. Fit a small piece of brass tubing into the hole to act as a bearing for the bolt. A couple of plain washers allow the top to revolve with little friction.

The "feather" of the vane is  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. A slot is sawed into the vane bar about 2 in. deep and the feather nailed in place.

The blades (Fig. 8) are made separately from the crosspieces. They are mortised and crossed in their exact centers. Before gluing, the bevels are put in. These start from a point  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the center and go to each end. The bevel is not from edge to edge, but from one edge to a line marked  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. from the opposite edge. The blades are of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. stock and made 8 in. long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. at the top and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. at the bottom. These are nailed on the crosspieces with brads, care being used to line them up accurately. The blade assembly revolves on a good-sized common nail.

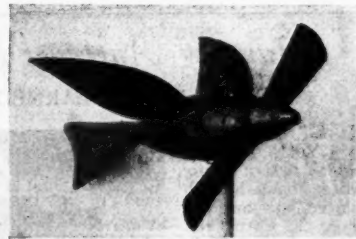
The decorating is left to the taste of the builder. The Lab mill is painted a light gray. Windows are painted in each side (at random) except the front, which contains the door. Windows are lined in black, white for

the panes and emerald green for the shutters. Windows are 2 in. high by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. The door is 2 x 4 and is green lined with black. The cap is red, as is also the revolving top. The top is checked off in black lines to simulate shingles. The vane bar is green, the feather orange and the blades blue. Before setting up the mill lubricate all moving parts thoroughly.

### The Garden Mill

The garden windmill and weather vane is very easy to make. On the lathe turn out a body for the bird, shaped and dimensioned like the drawing. It is about 9 in. long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter at the thickest part, which is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the front end. Saw off an inch from the front. This part revolves on a nail, and the double-ended propeller is tacked to it. The propeller is 7 in. long and is cut out from sheet tin. Two tacks secure it to the head. Drill through the exact center of the head for the nail. The wings are cut from sheet tin and tacked to the sides of the body.

The tail is also cut from tin and fitted into a slot cut into the end of the body. A couple



Close-up of the bird windmill sketched below

of small brads make it tight. A hole is drilled down through the body about 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. from the saw cut; the bird revolves on a nail run through this hole. The nail is fitted tightly into the end of a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. dowel. A plain washer is fitted between the dowel and the bird. The other end of the dowel can be pointed to permit its being stuck into the ground. Appropriate colors in enamel or paint make it an attractive addition to the garden.

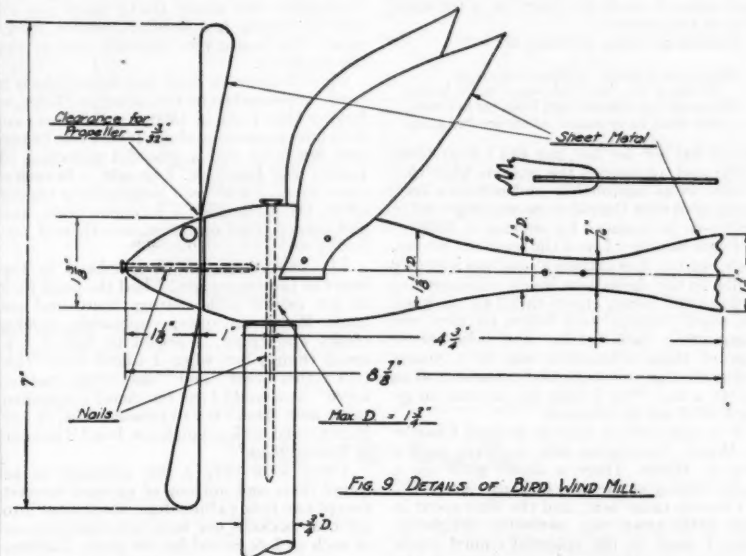


FIG. 9 DETAILS OF BIRD WIND MILL

## Proceedings of the Experimental Laboratory, Wollaston, Mass.

JUNE 27: Began another project—a model fire-boat. This is to be 40-in. in length. We intend to install a motor or engine and also a force pump, as a stream of water can be thrown from a hose mounted on it.

JUNE 28: Cutting out the hull of the fire-boat. It is of sugar pine, a plank 4-in. thick. This sugar pine is a beautiful wood for making boat hulls; fine grain, no knots, and it rarely splits.

JUNE 29: Still cutting out the hull of the fire-boat. Made a temporary rig of the land skiff and tried it for steering. Ran it down hill. It coasts beautifully. Now to make it move along by hand and leg power.

JUNE 30: Added a layer of wood to the fire-boat to build it up. Cut this out easily by putting a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. bit in the electric drill.

JULY 1: Trying to rig up a device on the land skiff so we can use the sprockets which came on the bicycles. As they are of different gear ratios one will have to run idle. Spent a pleasant morning studying the intricacies of the coaster brake.

JULY 5: The axles on the land skiff bent; they had been turned down rather small. We took everything apart, so that they can be hardened. They show a decided tendency to "cave in."

JULY 6: Put the finishing touches on the two chairs which we have refinished. The work on these has been side-tracked so many times that we have forgotten when they were started. But they are now done and look fine. Made a picture of them.



## Personality Teeth both CLEAN

A born leader—the kind of fellow who gets a unanimous vote as class president—that's Bill. You can't help liking him—and his clean-toothed, sparkling smile, fairly breathing cleanness, helps a lot.

Bill's willing to let you in on how he keeps his teeth so clean—simply by going regularly to his dentist, twice a year—and then by using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day—morning and night.

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**COTTAGE PUDDING**  
4 tablespoons shortening  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
2 1/2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 1/2 level teaspoons Rumford Baking Powder  
1 cup milk

Cream together the shortening and sugar as for a cake; add the well-beaten egg, then the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and extract. Beat well, turn into a casserole or pudding dish, bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven—350° F.—and serve with vanilla or fruit sauce.

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## The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

### Watch the Clock!

Three Weeks Are Left

IF cooking is one of the enterprises that you like best, don't miss this opportunity to try for a prize with one or two—not more than two—of your favorite tested recipes. Go over the contest rules, please, before you mail your contest entry. Since the Judges are going to find it impossible to test out every single recipe submitted in the contest, they will count the accuracy of the entries as a very important point. Send me a stamped addressed envelope for the rules today. All members of the G. Y. C. are eligible to enter.



A trusty Bell Hop clock, like this one in use at the G. Y. C. house, will be the prize awarded to the winner of third place in the Junior Division of the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest

Time is flying! Here we are with the end of the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest just three weeks away. Have you sent your entry yet? I have just been having a wonderful time reading through a big pile of entries, and I can see our future cookbook, "Recipes for G. Y. C. Cooks," growing recipe by recipe.

*Hazel Grey*

8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

## Hunting Antiques in England and Wales

By MRS. E. O. H. LARNED, G. Y. C. EXPERT ADVISER

LAST year The Youth's Companion asked me to write about how I started my antique shop, the Corn Crib Shop in Bristol, R. I. Now I am going to tell you of a trip to England and Wales, where I went in search of old things to buy for it. I decided to sail for London. I am afraid I should never be allowed to write for you again if I took enough space to tell you of all the things I did and saw in London! So let's go straight to Banbury, where kind friends motored me, and where I made my start for a ten-days' trip in the country.

I could not help thinking of:

Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross  
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.

But I did not see her, nor did I hear those bells; and, of course, the reasons were that I went in an automobile and not on a cock horse, and that the old cross was removed in 1646—to be replaced by another in 1858.

From Banbury I took the train to Chester. Here were a fine cathedral and ancient city walls. In the shops were lovely antiques: tea caddies and boxes, chests called by the good old word "coffer," nice lustre pitchers, old barometers, oak settles and silhouettes. One of these silhouettes was of a young girl with a gay little turned-up nose and so pretty a face that I took her at once to go back with me to America.

It is only half an hour or so from Chester to Wales. Llandudno was my first night's stop in Wales. There a dealer gave me a lucky shilling of the time of King George IV.

Conway came next, and the time spent in that little town was perfectly delightful. First I went to the splendid ruined castle (finished in 1284), with its views of the river, the town, the mountains, and the lambs feeding on the hillsides. The air was soft, and the sun shone. Leaning over the parapets, with the towers above and the place where the moat had been below, one felt that

Anything could happen, anything at all,  
With faith and a moat and a castle wall.

With some reluctance I left the ruined castle and went next to a fine old house built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It had many rooms—one rather spooky, where they say "a ghost walks." The caretaker told me to go wherever I liked and then left me to my own devices. The woodwork was interesting, but there were only a few old chests and chairs placed against the walls. I didn't stay long in the ghost room; it seemed very far away from that caretaker!

From the house of many rooms I went to



The charming interior of one of the old houses in Wales. Note the fine old oak beaming and the rows of gleaming Chinese furniture

the smallest house in Great Britain. I rang the bell, and a young woman came from a cottage near by and let me into a scrap of a room, where there was a tiny fireplace on which the meals cooked could never have been very large. Over it was a shelf for dishes and beside it a long, old box for coal, with a wooden cover used as a seat, a closet in the wall, and a table. A ladder led to an upper room, where there was a three-quarter bed, a small table and a chair, all very close together. Until they died about thirty years ago an elderly couple had lived there for many years. The house was very old, and so was the furniture.

Next I spent an hour in a house which is really supposed to be the oldest in Wales,—having been built in 1300,—and it looks so. It is now an antique shop. It had fine beams and fireplaces and a splendid collection of pewter and furniture. I bought a beautiful chest there, I had been looking for a carved chest, the kind called a Jacobean chest, and as I turned to go up the stairs—there it was facing me!

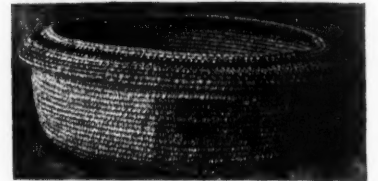
My next stop was at Llanberis in the heart of the mountains. I had the good luck to get into a little cottage there and see some Welsh antiques: cupboards, clocks, chairs and china. I hoped to buy a few small things, but when I found that "this cup father used" and "that stool mother loved" how could I ask for them? Llangollen came next. Don't try to pronounce it, or any Welsh word, unless you know how! That one is *Thiangolhan!*

There were only a few antiques to be found there and nothing of unusual interest except two funny china dogs which went into my coat pockets, one little head sticking out of each as I departed for the train. I almost expected to hear them bark a protest at being taken out of their Wales into England and on to America!

Back again in England in a little village an old woman sold me a charming piece of Staffordshire ware. I saw it high up on a dusty shelf, climbed up and got it and offered her a fair price for it. She said she really couldn't take so much for that alone and so presented me with a tiny old painted box. In a small shop in a near-by town I found two fine corner cupboards, fire screens of needle work and other things. Can't you see great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and daughter carefully wiping the "best china" and putting it in those cupboards—or some fine lady shielding her face behind the screen from the log-fire's blaze while a gallant in knee breeches makes pretty speeches in the candle light? This was an antique trip to be remembered, and surely that lucky shilling did its work well!

## An Indian Basket

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 47



The completed basket, finished with white shellac

OUR spools of silk and thread have a habit of disappearing or getting tangled in the course of the many enterprises under way at the Workbox, so Helen decided to make a basket to keep them in place.

This basket is made of raffia sewed over reed. To start it a small loop is made in the raffia and sewed through two or three times. Then a piece of reed, with the end cut on a slant, is put into the loop and fastened with an over and over stitch. The raffia is then passed under the reed from the back and over it, and a stitch taken under the reed in the finished row with the needle coming through from the back. The needle is then passed under the reed to make the wrap and the stitch repeated. This is called the lazy squaw stitch and is used to make the bottom of the basket. The bottom measures 10 1/2 inches in diameter and is made of natural-colored raffia with one band of orange and one band of blue raffia, to carry out as nearly as possible the gold and blue of the G. Y. C.

When the bottom is finished the stitch changes to one known as the figure-eight stitch. It is made by passing the raffia under the reed from the back with the needle pointing to the front. A wrap is made over the reed by bringing the needle out from the back as before, and pushing it through the previous row, the needle pointing from front to back. The raffia wraps two rows in this stitch and forms the figure eight. Eighteen rows of this stitch are made, and the basket comes out in a slight outward curve. The rim is made with nine rows and with the same stitch, but the reed is held in the back to bring the work to the center.

The opening across the top of the finished basket measures 10 1/2 inches. The largest circumference of the basket is 39 inches, measured at the top just before the basket starts to narrow for the edge.

While making the basket keep the reed well soaked and the raffia wet while it is being worked. When joining a new raffia thread hold the end of the old piece back of the reed, thread your needle with the new, and work over the end of the old until it is secure. When joining the pieces of reed the upper side of the old piece is cut on a slant for about 1 1/2 inches, the under side of the new piece cut in the same way, and the two overlapped.

If you wish to decorate your basket with some design, a cross-stitch pattern is easily worked and should be put on with an over-and-over stitch after the basket itself is completed. A coat of white shellac is the finishing touch.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

To win this beautiful pin, and enjoy the special advantages of membership, send me this Keystone blank

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):  
...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....



# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



the sacred mountain, Fujiyama, and dropped lightly to the earth near a beautiful garden.

"Ah," he thought, "I have made no mistake. This is the most peaceful place in the world."

He settled himself among the reeds where he could listen to the soft music of the small Stream and take whatever tasty morsel the Stream had to offer in the way of a tender frog or a little fish. Even a thinker of noble thoughts must eat, you know! And between those tempting bites some of those noble thoughts of the great Crane were so like poetry, and yet so true, that he was sorry he had to keep them to himself. Therefore he made a wish. Clapping his long bill quickly so that it gave eight sharp sounds,—a most magic Japanese number,—he said aloud in the Japanese Crane language:

"I wish to be so unselfish as to give all the good of my noble thoughts to help some one."

Because the wish was in itself so noble, hardly had it been made before it was granted, but in so startling a way that the great Crane flew for safety to the top of the tallest pine tree.

For into the place of peace rushed the flying figure of an angry child. She fairly screamed with rage. She tore off the little wooden shoes called *geta* that usually made only cheerful click-clicks in walking and threw them with such force that one of them hit the old stone lantern in the garden with a loud whack, and the other one went even farther and landed with a thud upon the horseshoe-shaped bridge over the Stream. And with wild sobbing the child threw herself face down upon the pathway near the huge Moon-viewing Stone.

No wonder the great Crane was so startled that the feathers stood upright upon his head. In Japan, you see, even young children are trained to show only smiles, however unhappy things may be, and never to allow anyone to see tears, unpleasant looks or signs of pain. To give way to such is to be most rude to a visitor or stranger, who should see only the best expression possible in the face. Although the great Crane had traveled far and over much of the world, he never had seen a Japanese Child show unhappiness like this.

He said nothing nor made so much as a sound just then, but waited until the sobs grew less loud and farther apart and finally stopped as the Child lay still. All the



by Blanche Elizabeth Wade

Illustrated by William M. Berger

time he became happier himself, for here was the chance for the granting of his wish. And at exactly the right moment he flew gently down to the Moon-viewing Stone, plucked out from his left wing the eighth feather from the front, and, dropping to the pathway, tucked the feather into the *obi*, the sash, of the Child.

**T**HEN a magic thing happened. The moment the feather was in the *obi*, the Child understood the language of the great Crane, and the meaning of every sound in the garden.

"This is the place of peace," said the great Crane. "Listen to the Stream of the Singing Voice. It does not give one mournful sound, though its waters have to run over rough sharp stones that toss the waters rudely. Instead of crying out in pain and anger, the Stream sings."



Her kimono sleeves made her own shadow on the path much like that of the Butterfly's upon the lantern

The Child raised her head and listened. Then she sat up. Finally, she stole softly to the water's edge. It was quite true. She saw the sharp stones and the rough ones that tossed the water high, but the Stream was singing about the Wind in the Reeds.

"When the Wind speaks," sang the Stream, "the Reeds bow their heads and obey."

That, too, was true. She could hear the Wind whispering to the Reeds, and every Reed bowed and said: "Yes, Honorable Wind of Heaven, we hear and will obey you."

Not one Reed refused to bow its head.

A great Butterfly fluttered into the garden and noiselessly flitted from one blossom to another. It paused for a moment upon the old stone lantern, and the Child saw the shadow made by the wings. The Butterfly brought the look of joy into her eyes. She stood up, curved her arms, and to her delight, saw that her kimono sleeves, thus held out, made her own shadow upon the path much like that of the Butterfly's upon the lantern.

"See," said the great Crane, "in the shadow of the Cloud of Storm there is the gloom of sadness, but in the shadow of a Butterfly there is the lightness of a happy heart. The magic feather that has made you hear the voices of the garden will make for you the sign of your new name. Remember the name. Watch!"

**T**HE Child's eyes opened wide in surprise, for the feather in her sash flew lightly to the path and began to move in the loose sand like an artist's brush. It drew an odd character which the Child could read and she gave a low cry of

delight to find that the character meant Shadow of a Butterfly.

The sun sank slowly, and the great Crane must go to rest. The Child picked up the shoe near the lantern and hurried to the bridge for the other shoe. And when she had called "Sayonara!" (meaning, "Farewell!") happily clicked the little *geta* over the bridge and homeward.

The great Crane watched her go. It did not seem possible that she could be the same little girl who had such a short time ago broken angrily into the beautiful peace and quiet of the garden. Now she smiled happily as she turned back for a last glance at the great Crane, who spread his wings wide and flew off toward his home far beyond the sacred mountain. The Child repeated her new name softly over and over again as she walked along.

"Ah," said her mother, smiling as the Child sped lightly up the home path, "our Plum Blossom has lost her anger. How glad is her step!"



The Father saw the feather the Child held toward him

The Father saw the feather the Child held toward him.

"The great Crane has passed over the garden," said he. "That is a sign of favor. Our Plum Blossom flits as soundlessly as the Shadow of a Butterfly!"

And hearing it spoken she pictured herself back in the garden, and heard again the great Crane say, "In the Shadow of a Butterfly there is the lightness of a happy heart."

Plum Blossom smiled because he had pronounced her new name—Shadow of a Butterfly!

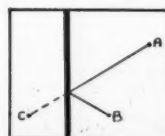
And the great Crane, with his head behind his wing, slept sweetly. His wish had come true. For ever after when Shadow of a Butterfly spoke he knew her voice would have the music of the Stream; and when told to obey she would bow like the Reeds. So, because he had been able to give to her all the good of his noble thoughts, he clapped his bill softly eight times and dreamed pleasant Japanese dreams!

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Beads made of shells strung together and used by the red Indians as money, or for ornament. 2. Two thirds copper and one third zinc. 3. P. T. Barnum. 4. The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis. 5. Richard Wagner and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 6. William Shakespeare. 7. Wind blowing from the right (starboard) side of the vessel. In racing, this gives right of way over a vessel on the port tack. 8. Four feet, eight and one-half inches. 9. "Reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic." 10. It is heated to 600 degrees or over, plunged into cool water, and then gently reheated to the required temperature. 11. All were historians. 12. John, that one of the disciples whom Jesus especially loved. 13. Henry VIII, succeeded by Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth. 14. A famous soprano named Jenny Lind. 15. Ireland. 16. Walt Whitman. 17. (a) Five o'clock P.M. (b) Nine o'clock A.M. 18. The grouping of towns or counties in such a way as to give an unfair advantage to one of the political parties (from Elbridge Gerry, a Massachusetts politician of the early nineteenth century). 19. William Blackstone. 20. Silver bromide (AgBr).

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. Dover. "Turned her back and OVERlooked."
2. Manger, Ragmen, German.
3. S. Hen, Coves, Honesty, Seventeen, Nestles, Steed, Yes, N.
4. Cap-It-At; Capital.



5. To find the shortest path from A to B, touching the canal on the way, mark the point C, the same distance beyond the canal as B is on this side. Then make the path straight from A toward C until it reaches the canal, and from that point straight to B.

## Nuts & Crack

### 1. MISSING WORDS.

(The Battle of Lake Regillus)

To the \*\*\* where Romans fight

The twins of \*\*\* come

To \*\*\* great blows of strength and might

And \*\*\* the men of Rome.

The missing words are each formed from the same four letters.

### 2. ENIGMA.

The fisherman, carrying home a basket, was asked by a friend how many fish he had caught. He replied:

"Ten I caught without an eye,

Nine without a tail.

Six had no head, and half of eight

I weighed upon my scale."

How many fish had he caught?

### 3. WORD-SQUARE.

1. Removes the skin. 2. Singly. 3. Itinerary. 4. To enroll. 5. Soothsayers.

### 4. CHARADE.

Increase my first, you make it worst,

Don't worry, in my second.

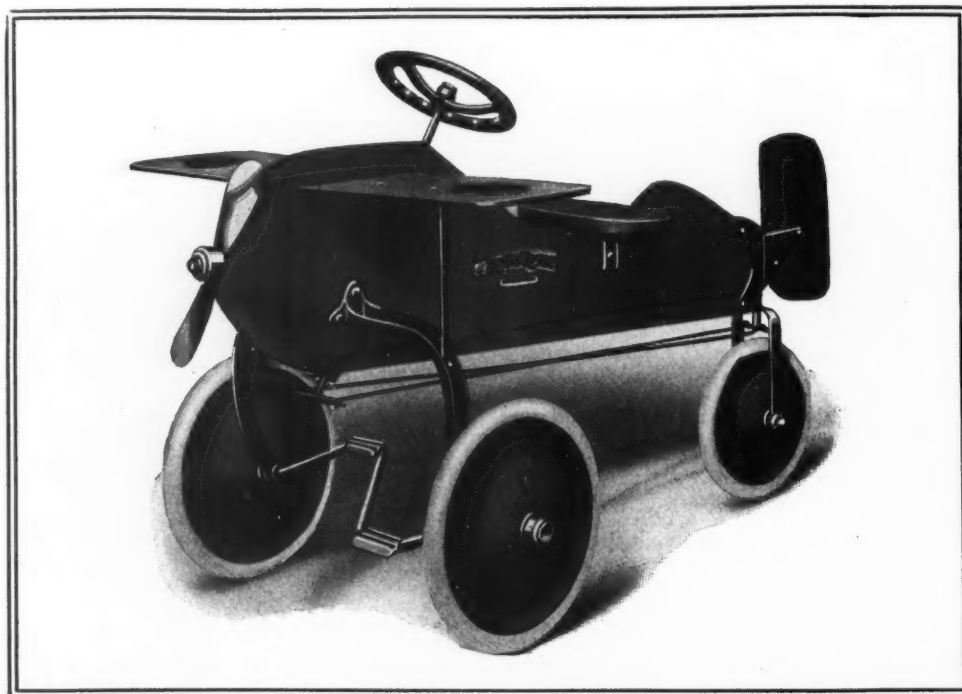
All have my third, and I have heard

Some hate to have it reckoned.

My whole is used by playful folks;

It's nothing but a bunch of jokes.

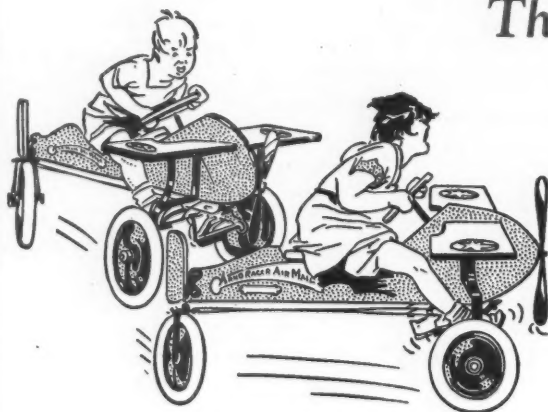
## The Air Mail



## Snappiest, Speediest Air Mail Racer: Flies Over the Ground Like a Plane!

**Z**O-O-OM! Zo-o-om! Hop aboard this rakish Air Mail and head it into the wind. Hear that propeller roar! Man-dee! there's speed to this "old bus," and heaps of sport in cruising around the neighborhood, steering smartly around corners and dashing past lesser craft. This flaming scarlet racer is the greatest little thrill giver ever built on wheels. Just the kind that Col. Charles Lindbergh would have liked to have had when he was a boy. Built on genuine aeroplane lines, and fashioned by a man who really designed fighting planes in the World War.

**L**OOK at the picture. Just see how rugged strength is built into every part of the Air Mail Racer. Note the steering gear — a turn of the steering wheel turns the racer in just the direction you want to go. Not only that, but the big aeroplane rudder moves with the back wheel, which is the steering wheel. Ball bearings and balloon tires make for speed and easy running in the Air Mail, and if you don't think it can sail along as though it was on air, just climb aboard when it's on the sidewalk and start to pedal. You'll get a real thrill!



## This Thrilling "Air Mail" Is Yours for a Very Little Pleasant Effort

**Y**OU can give some youngster a lot of pleasure with a flashing Air Mail racer. Its wings are of three-ply hardwood, laminated to prevent splitting. Body is one solid piece of wood. Fitted with heavy channel steel mount-

ings, crankshaft mounted on ball bearings. Double-disc type wheels, fitted with large rubber tires. Seat adjustable to three positions. Suitable for youngsters from 3 to 8 years of age. A genuine joy bringer.

The Air Mail Racer will be given to any Youth's Companion subscriber for 2 new yearly subscriptions at \$2.00 each and \$4.00 extra, or for 8 subscriptions. Or, the Racer will be sold for \$9.00. Shipped by express or parcel post (please specify method preferred) from Valparaiso, Ind., at receiver's expense. Shipping weight 30 lbs.

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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